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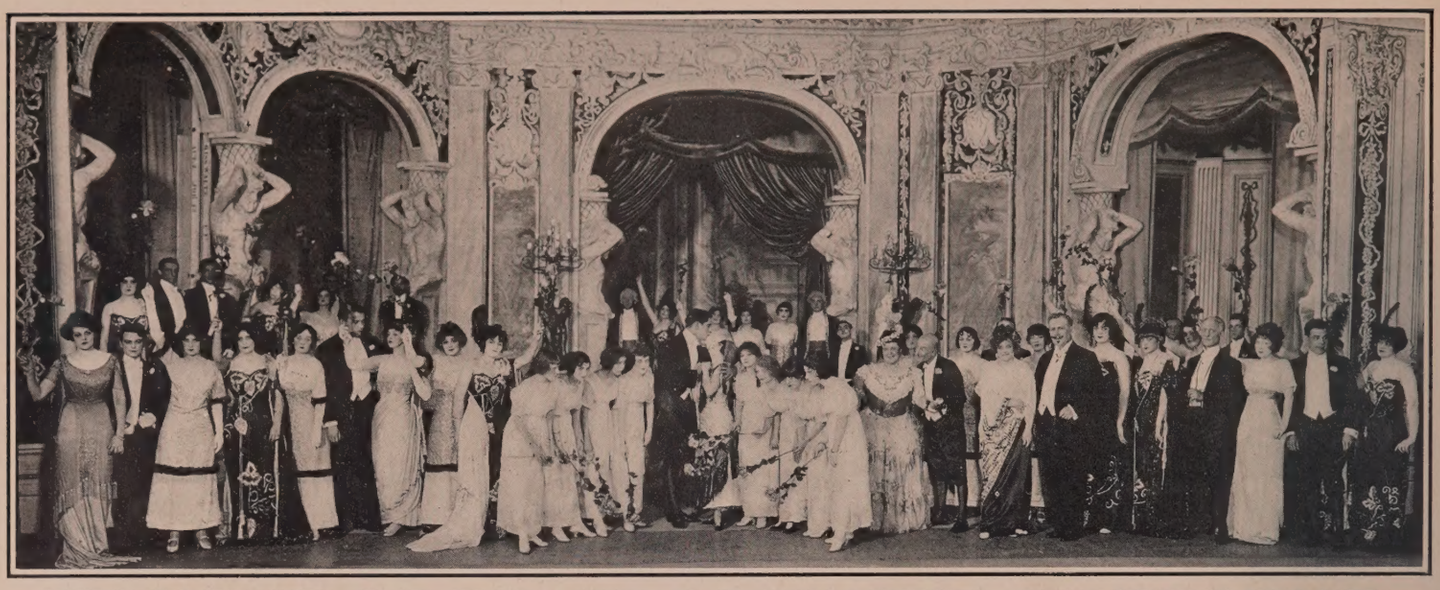
Thais Lawton as Louise Parker John Drew as Robin Worthington
Act III. Robin Worthington: "I want to see your name among the immortals"
SCENE IN HUBERT HENRY DAVIES' COMEDY, "A SINGLE MAN," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



SCENE IN "THE KISS WALTZ," THE NEW VIENNESE OPERETTA BY MM. ZIEHRER & WOODWARD; AMERICAN VERSION BY EDGAR SMITH. NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

IRVING PLACE. "Oedipus Rex." Drama by Sophocles. Produced August 21 with the following cast:

Œdipus, King of Thebes..John E. Kellerd	A Boy .....Dorothy Vernon
Jocasta, his wife ....Lillian Kingsbury	A Messenger from Corinth..E. Cushman
Antigone { their } .Constance Vernon	A Messenger.....Aubrey Boucicault
Ismene { children } .....Arline Dewey	A Shepherd .....P. J. Kelly
Priest of Zeus .....Mayne Lynton	A Senator .....George Manning
Creon, brother of Jocasta.....Eric Blind	Another Senator .....Arthur Goodsall
Teiresias .....Charles James	A Hand-Maiden (Debut)..Agnes Miller

Circumstances compelled John E. Kellerd to begin his season of the legitimate at the Irving Place Theatre later than he intended, while fate forced him to close it earlier than he anticipated. But the experimental venture was not without its lessons and its results. Brief though it was, it emphasized Mr. Kellerd's standing as an actor of deserved repute, sound training, indefatigable purpose and poetical ideal. Who but an enthusiast would select Sophocles for a summer solstician season? Who but a seeker after lofty flights would pin his faith to Œdipus and Hamlet with the thermometer haunting the advanced eighties and the humidity ranging between ninety and a hundred?

And yet the large audience which gathered at the playhouse on that hot evening of Aug. 21 were well repaid for their physical inconvenience by the really intelligent, thoughtful and impressive performance which he and his associates gave of the fateful history of the ill-starred King of Thebes. It was the first time that the Sophoclean tragedy had been given in its entirety in English in this city. When the late George Riddle presented his memorable production at Booth's in 1882, he spoke the original text, while Georgia Cayvan, as Jocasta, and others declaimed in English. Mounet Sully's superb performance of Œdipus in French, at the Knickerbocker later, is a memory to those who saw it that will ever linger with grateful recollection. But the French player wisely let the curtain drop at intervals. Mr. Kellerd elected to play it through without a break, an artistic mistake—even though the unities were preserved—since two hours of continuous declamation is a strain too severe upon even an enthusiast.

It is hardly necessary to recite in detail the story of the Theban King so mercilessly pursued by the fates. Outwardly Mr. Kellerd presented a striking picture of the fear-haunted Œdipus. If in his devotion to pure Hellenic standards he neither as the protagonist nor the producer varied enough the movement, he declaimed his long passages with splendid variety, feeling, force and passion. And in the several scenes of anxiety, fear, horror, remorse and deep, abiding love for his children he was always sound, frequently deeply sympathetic, and on one or two occasions tragically supreme. Earnest and intense, there was a fine purpose to Lillian Kingsbury's Jocasta, the mother-wife, but the note of modernity was too pronounced. Eric Blind was a bold and resonant Creon, Charles James an imposing and well-read Teiresias, P. J. Kelly a plaintive shepherd, and Aubrey Boucicault a handsome and emotionally effective Messenger. The so-to-speak editorial comments of the chorus were entrusted to two senators. Their dicta, be it said, was mercifully cut.

During the remainder of his engagement Mr. Kellerd appeared in the title rôle of "Macbeth," a part he had played many times with Modjeska, and Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," both personations of sterling worth. As the Prince of Denmark, Mr. Kellerd appeared for the first time in this city as Hamlet. This much-acted rôle—the goal of every ambitious player—is at Mr. Kellerd's hands a personation of vigorous reality, rather than introspective suggestion. Filial devotion is nicely expressed in the scene with the Ghost, and fiery fervor in the interview with the Queen-mother. It is a temperamental manifestation of the vacillating tendencies of a big character, but not an inspired one. In the support was a youthfully feminine Ophelia, Viola Fortescue, and an alert and engaging Laertes, Aubrey Boucicault.

Polonius was played by Louis Dean, Horatio by Edwin Cushman, and Claudius by Eric Blind.

Copyright Bert, Paris

GABY DESLYS

The much advertised French dancer and pantomimist who is now appearing at the New York Winter Garden

HERALD SQUARE. "Miss Jack." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Mark E. Swan. Music by William F. Peters. Produced on September 4 with the following cast:

Jack Hayward.....Bothwell Browne	Kitty Severance.....Kathryn Hurst
Evelyn Stanley.....Olive Ulrich	Bessie McGregor.....Billie Francis
Nellie Trevor.....Suzanne Rocamora	Yvette Lascelles.....Julia Carle
Otto Von-Hertz.....James B. Carson	Genevieve Castleton....Evelyn Raymond
Silas Bean.....Jonathan Keefe	Marietta Montgomery..Charlotte Corbett
Eudora Marshall.....May McCabe	Dollie .....Carrie Watts
Bob Marshall.....Ernest F. Young	Mollie .....Bernice McCabe
Marcie Brook.....Rose Beaudett	Pollie .....Graycie Conklin
Olive Brook.....Hazel Cox	Ollie .....Edna Garrick
Chucky Berton.....Carl Stall	Hollie .....Annie Ray
Didon .....Harry Browne	Maizie .....Helene Weimer
Alice Benton.....Kalene Carter	Daisy .....Mabel VyVan
Dolores Mendoza.....Bessie Sessions	Lottie .....Billy Wilburn
Inez Cathorpe.....Claire Tiegen	Tottie .....Nora Hamilton
Nora Fitzgerald.....Viola Williams	Dottie .....Nettie Hamilton
Grace Pendleton.....Gladys Breston	

The invasion of the stage proper by "female impersonators" is not to be taken seriously as a portent of evil. It is too futile. The boundaries of such possible drama as may be used for the exploitation of these performers are so limited that the whole matter is reduced to an absurdity at the outset. The formula now used seems to be the only feasible one for plays of the kind. It is this: A young man in love with a girl in a seminary finds that the only way to win her is to disguise himself in feminine attire and gain admission into the sacred precincts of the school, whereupon, in an opera, the band begins to play. In the course of the evening's entertainment the female impersonator, *apropos* of nothing, gives an Egyptian snake dance, after the manner of Gertrude Hoffmann. Mr. Bothwell Browne does this with remarkable skill and some grace, with alternations of feminine languor and ferocity of passion. It is an exhibition that one may witness with indifferent curiosity. Mr. Browne changes his feminine attire frequently. He dresses in tights and leads the chorus. We might grant that the logic of the action required Mr. Browne to don the dress of a woman, but his subsequent performances in tights are not within the limits of reason or theatrical decency. The treacle of musical comedy is not for a man masquerading as a woman. There is and can be no question about that. Mr. Browne does his work well, but that does not help matters. As an opera "Miss Jack" is a makeshift filled with the customary allurements, and its real women are all the more attractive, perhaps, because of the foil they have in this masculine effrontery. Apart from the uninteresting story, a few amusing comicalities were interjected with effect. A French professor has his class in spelling. "Spell 'new.'" A fluffy-haired girl eagerly replies, "knew." The professor tears his hair. "This horrible English 'langwich,' with its 'k' before the 'n.'" Another girl ventures "gnu." The professor gives it up. When asked how a certain Russian name is pronounced he says with conviction: "It is not pronounced; you just think it." The gardener and caretaker of the seminary is a countryman with chin whiskers of a type to be found at this time on the stage only. He sings a song entitled "Deacon Pettigue" that served its little moment. The opera itself, commonplace and labored as it is in parts, contains some musical numbers and dances of merit which afford that compensation which is almost inevitably found in pieces of the kind.

LIBERTY. "The Fascinating Widow." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Otto Hauerbach. Produced Sept. 11 with this cast:

Lankton Wells.....Edward Garvie	Ethel Eldridge.....Jean Morrell
Tuthill Leffingwell....James Spottswood	Maisie Mannering.....Louise Orth
Oswald Wentworth.....Lionel Walsh	Lottie Lovedale.....Gladys Feldman
Rev. Wilbur Watts..Charles W. Butler	Bessie Bothwell.....Marie Baxter
Nick Bulgler.....James E. Sullivan	Harriet Halford.....Blanche Burnham
John Wilson.....Frank Wentworth	Nellie Northrup.....Dorothy Sanders
Mrs. Leffingwell.....Carrie E. Perkins	Rholla Rollins.....Dorothy Wilcox
Margaret Leffingwell...Winona Winter	Cissie Cyril.....Natalie Seymour
Tessie Danforth.....June Mathis	Mrs. Monte } .....Julian Eltinge
Ivy Tracy.....Natalie Alt	Hal Blake.. }

In the second musical comedy of the season in which a female impersonator appears we again have the girl's college. The comedy is more consistent in "The Fascinating Widow" than is usual in musical plays, with the result that the purpose of humor goes far toward correcting and counterbalancing the perversion of nature and common sense in the impersonation of a woman by a man. Mr. Julian Eltinge has an engaging personality, exercises a certain deference toward the public, and manages to make you feel that his acting is foolery and the prank of a college boy. Various characters are employed in the play which tend to give

Sarony

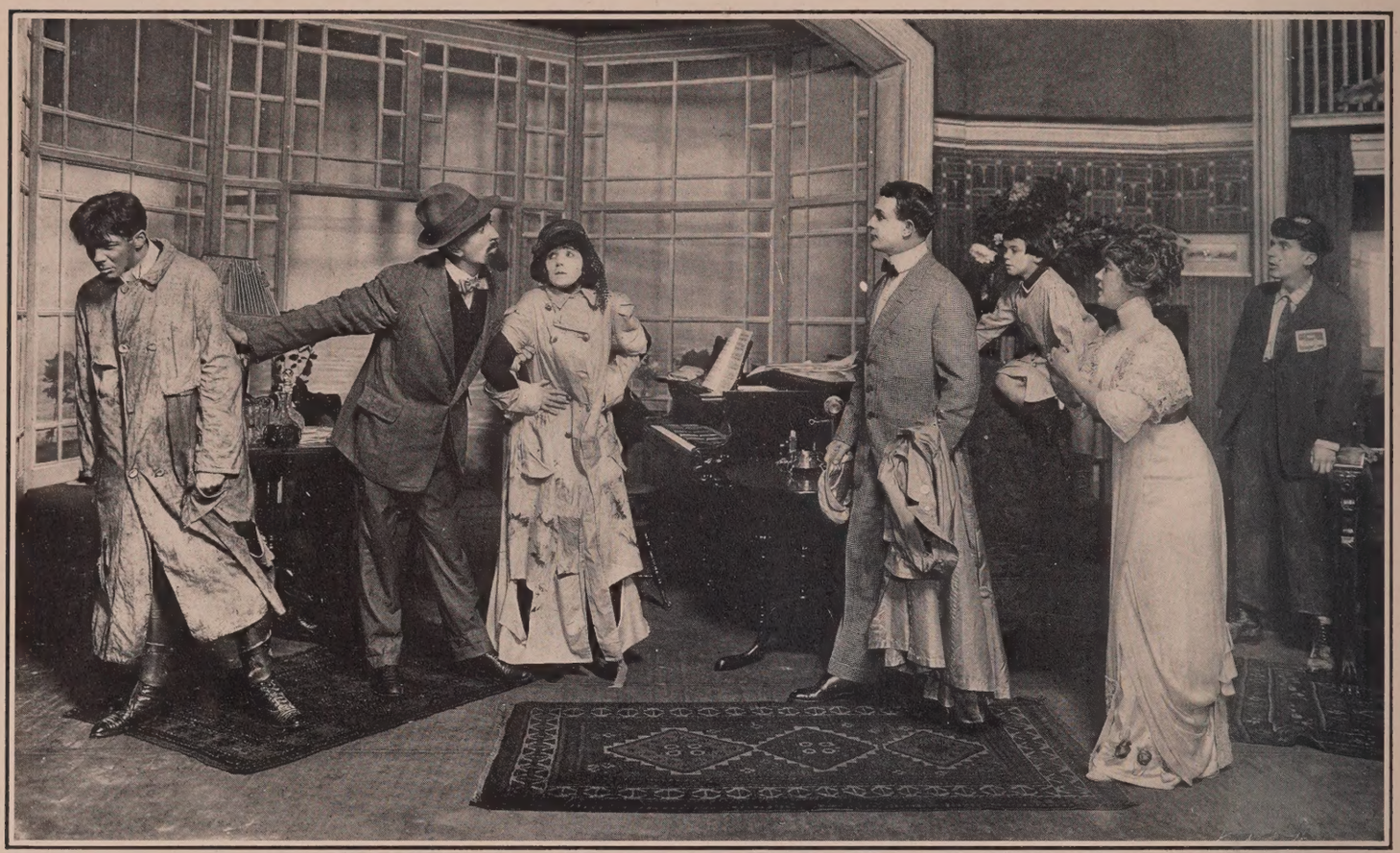
LOUISE RUTTER
Seen as Margaret Summers in "Passers-By" at the Criterion

it the effect of comedy rather than a pretext for the exhibition of Mr. Eltinge's achievements in the mimicry of a handsome widow. Many of these incidents are very old. The Matron of the dormitory and the college Chaplain both partake of what was thought to be a harmless punch and make the familiar exhibition of themselves under its influence. The rival of the Fascinating Widow is an effeminate young man who is engaged to the girl to win whom Mr. Eltinge comes in the guise of the handsome and attractive widow. Mr. Eltinge is first seen as a college youth before the plan is formed for his disguise. On very slight occasion he knocks his rival down. This is not a justifiable act, but it is supposed to prove his manliness. In the remaining acts he is the Fascinating Widow. In order to break off the match between the rival and his sweetheart he sets out to fascinate his rival. He is successful in this and becomes engaged to him. In the last act the wedding ceremony is to be performed, and Eltinge appears as the bride. It is needless to say that the ceremony is interrupted; that at the proper moment the Fascinating Widow tears off her headdress and reveals herself as Eltinge. We have said that the comedy has a consistent action, although old, but it cannot be fairly said that there is any illusion at any time as to the character. In the very nature of the case this is impossible. Mr. Eltinge performs an Oriental dance, but he is not accomplished with his feet. His mimicry is satirical and is not always offensive. However, we cannot bring ourselves to laud his present effort; and we cannot believe that the public will encourage for any length of time this form of entertainment. Mr. Eltinge has proved himself in this play to be an actor of no mean qualities, and with his sense of humor he did much to relieve the performance of questionable features. And yet, it is impossible to make such performances entirely harmless. They will run their brief course and there will soon be an end to them. They are in no strict sense professional. The very definition of an amateur is one who is trying to do something he cannot do. No female impersonator can really act anything but himself. He may achieve an imitation, but not an illusion. The feminine charm in the piece was exercised by Miss Natalie Alt, who sings delightfully and dances prettily. "The Rag Time College Girl" is an effective number which may be singled out from others of efficient quality.

EMPIRE. "A SINGLE MAN." Comedy in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced September 4 with the following cast:

Robin Worthington.....John Drew	Isabella Worthington.....Louise Drew
Henry Worthington.....Ivan Simpson	Louise Parker.....Thais Lawton
Dickie Cottrell.....Thomas Kelly	Bertha Sims.....Helen Bolte
Lady Cottrell.....Clara Bracy	Gladys .....Lewise Seymour
Maggie Cottrell.....Carroll McComas	Mrs. Higson.....Cecilia Radcliffe
Miss Heseltine.....Mary Boland	The Nurse.....Frances Comstalk

"The regulation John Drew play" is the popular verdict of this new four-act comedy by Hubert Henry Davies. That Mr. Drew and his kind of play have a large following is a clearly established fact. We have positive assurance in advance of an evening's enjoyment of polite and kindly, if not profound or brilliant, legitimate comedy, interpreted with *finesse* and gayety just tingled with sentiment—qualities all too rare in present-day dramatic art. Nb nerves will be unstrung nor morals unbalanced by the little love-story of Robin Worthington, bachelor, aged 43, who suddenly awakens at this mature period of life to the rejuvenating and generally beneficial effects of a marriage for love. "A man is middle-aged only once," he reflects, and the surest way to grasp the opportunity of happiness appears to be to marry Maggie Cottrell, a pretty little romp of a girl not half his age. He may be too old for her, but she is not too young for him—so he persuades himself. A few games of tennis and a luncheon fight with the youngsters set him to thinking—yet the match still appears fixed and fated and the wiles of a certain Louise Parker, who makes a dead set at the eligible bachelor, never touch him. Something is in the air that is going to save him from what he instinctively feels will be the awful error of marrying Maggie, but he cannot imagine what it is, neither can anybody else in the play. To every soul in the audience—the thoroughly schooled John Drew audience—his finish is in plain sight, and has been from the start. The "one best bet" for him is Miss Heseltine, the pretty stenographer to whom he has been "dictating" for years



White (Frank Broder) — Larry (Joseph Buckley) — Constable (Eleanor Hicks) — Martha (Orrin Johnson) — Edwin Wise Jessup (Thomas R. Tobin, Jr.) — Wizzy (Oza Waldrop) — Victoria (John M. Stahl) — Bill Green

Act II. The arrest of the chauffeur and the maid for joy riding

SCENE IN LEE WILSON DODD'S NEW COMEDY, "SPEED," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

without ever noticing that it is a genuine case of perfect mutual affinity. This is as it should be; and in the cozy little champagne supper scene which clinches matters Mary Boland achieves such an exquisite denotement of warm, womanly impulse breaking through demure modesty and proper pride, that one wonders how it could ever have been said that this leading lady's rôle in relation to the star was one of self-effacement. She fairly shares honors, in this third act at least, with Mr. Drew. Thais Lawton, in the unalluring part of Louise Parker, the would-be intellectual siren, scores a marked success of characterization.

Bangs

GUY BATES POST

Who will star in "The Great Desire," a new play by Edward Childs Carpenter

PLAYHOUSE. "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE." Comedy in four acts by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced on August 24 last with the following cast:

Joseph Sutton, Edmund Forde; Dana Willets, Frank Kendrick; George Fuller, Lindsay J. Hall; Clarence Macklin, Francis Carlyle; Sir Spencer Dreever, Arthur Laceby; Robert Pitt, Douglas Fairbanks; "Spike" Mullins, Elmer Booth; Lady Blunt, Ruth Chester; Sir Thomas Blunt, Roland Rushton; Mollie Creedon, Ruth Shepley; Philip Creedon, George Fawcett; Walter Langdon, Leon Kendrick; Harold Ames, Harry K. Jones; Reginald Oakes, Bert Daube; Basil Pierce, Carl Mann; Jepson, Lawrence Dwight; John Coleman, Louis Mason; Herman Schultz, Charles Hartman.

The burglarious idea has become an important and pervasive theme in modern theatrical literature. Captain Swift, Raffles, Arsene Lupin, Jimmy Valentine, Deep Purple personalities, etc., have all had their vogue on the regular boards, while the number of shoplifters, petty larcenists, second story men and felons in general who have done time on the vaudeville stage would tax the seating capacity of Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island combined.

Now comes a comedy in which an amateur cracksman, to win a bet, finds himself in partnership with one who utilizes jimmies as a profession. They burglarize the house of a deputy commissioner of police, whose daughter's charms have completely won the heart of one Robert Edgar Willoughby Pitt, the amateur in question. If not obvious, the complications which follow may be surmised; but in these respects the authors of "A Gentleman of Leisure," Messrs. John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse, have displayed not a little ingenuity and a very proportionate sense of what goes to make up an effective farce. For Mr. Douglas Fairbanks' new stellar medium at the Playhouse is farce, not comedy. At this stage of the game no discussion is needed to determine where the distinguishing line is to be drawn. "A Gentleman of Leisure" is very pleasing entertainment. The first and second acts are sustained in the force of their movement and comic vitality. The second wabbles, and the fourth—there should never be a fourth in farce—serves a hurried and useful purpose in straightening out what is patent to any theatregoer of even limited experience. There is some excellent character drawing in the piece, and the dialogue possesses the salient nip of the up-to-date.

As the amateur cracksman Douglas Fairbanks has a rôle well suited to his bustlingly nervous personality. He acts with zest and swirling vitality. He is here, there and everywhere; alert and resourceful to the every twist of the comic entanglement; nor is his sense of subdued romance lacking in the rounding out of this not too subtle part. There is a big company needed to tell the story of "A Gentleman of Leisure," but only three or four bear the real brunt; Big Phil, the Police Commissioner, played with appropriate brusqueness by George Fawcett; Sir Spencer Dreever, Bart, who was presented by Arthur Laceby, suggested more the Swede than the Briton, and Mollie Creedon, "created," shall it be said, by Ruth Shepley, a young woman of engaging beauty. The piece has since moved to the Globe.

HUDSON. "SNOBS." Farce in three acts by George Bronson-Howard. Produced September 4 with the following cast:

"Buck" Reade.....Regan Hughston	Laura Lanvale.....Eva MacDonald
Henry Disney.....Frank McIntyre	Club-Boy .....Olaf Vide
Nondas Parkyn.....Willette Kershaw	Bradley Fairfax.....John Cumberland
Phipps Maynadier.....Orlando Daly	Milly .....Helen Bond
Mrs. Beauregard.....Katherine Stewart	Usher at Theatre.....William Calvert
Olive Stanley, Roy Scott, and others.	Sergeant McNutt.....Walter Craven

Frank McIntyre, the *insouciant* heavyweight comedian of "The Traveling Salesman," who has the figure of President Taft

White

Gerty Robbins (Pamela Gaythorne) John Robbins (Arthur Byron) Harry Miller (Frederick Tiden) Alice Miller (Alice John)

Act. I. Harry Miller: "Not a bad pair of girls, eh?"

SCENE IN "THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE," RECENTLY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Photo Byron Edwin Holt Mary Nash Jane Peyton John W. Cope
Act. II. The telephone operator under examination
SCENE IN WILLIAM C. DE MILLE'S NEW COMEDY-DRAMA, "THE WOMAN," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

and almost as large a popular following, has been fitted by George Bronson Howard with a new three-act play entitled "Snobs," also designated (by the author) as a "satirical farce." In one essential respect the venture seems to be successful—it certainly provides the star with a "fat" part. As a study of snobs and snobbery the piece is a flimsy pretext. As a picture of life anywhere, in any stratum of society, it belongs in the newspaper comic section. It is superficially lifelike, however, in its deft adaptation of the current slang of the day; and as this is Mr. McIntyre's specialty, he is able to make it continuously entertaining to audiences that are thus easily entertained. His rôle is that of a milkman who wakes up one morning to find himself a lawful, legitimate and gilt-edged English duke. His game to try himself on social snobdom, and "let them do some guessing." When he goes to the country club wearing blue spats and a suit of shepherd's plaid checks, and carries a bludgeonlike cane to the theatre box party, his disguise naturally proves impenetrable. Complications begin. With the aid of assault and battery, and some melodramatic gun-play at the psychological moment, all ends happily, and the titled milkman thrills the girl of his choice — Miss Nondas Parkyn, the millionaire preserve man's daughter —into accepting his proposal that she become "Mrs. Duke." England's peerage has fallen upon evil days, of late; but here we have it presented in a striking and novel aspect.

LYCEUM. "THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE." Comedy in three acts by Elmer Harris. Produced Sept. 5 with this cast:

John Robbins, Arthur Byron; Gerty Robbins, Pamela Gaythorne; Harry Miller, Frederick Tiden; Alice Miller, Alice John.

Here is a neat little comedy quartette—the entire *dramatis personæ* consist of two young married couples, living in twin suburban cottages —which, as mounted and played at the elegant Lyceum, is a mildly entertaining curio in its way. It must be of continental European origin, judging from its deft simplicity of construction; and certainly its theme is one which no American or English playwright would ever dream of taking up first-hand. It tells the story of two men who make a friendly bargain to exchange wives, but after a week's trial of the mutual substitution, as preliminary to divorce proceedings, decide to call the matter off. The various equivocal situations necessary to the working out of this plot are all in the present version, yet throughout there is not one obnoxious line of dialogue.

Mrs. Robbins is gay and dressy, but no housekeeper, whereas her husband yearns for the simple life and home cooking. Mrs. Miller is a splendid cook, and looks the part, but her domestic qualities make no hit with her spouse, who is a bit of a sport. Neither household keeps a servant. Each husband admires his neighbor's wife and calls her by her first name, and *vice versa*. It is not the usual "triangle," but as a quadrilateral the arrangement has its complications. The "swap" is negotiated ostensibly because John Robbins is dissatisfied with his meals, and Harry Miller is ashamed to take his frowsy-looking wife to the theatre to see a "girl show." The wives say they will try the experiment just to teach their husbands a lesson. They fix it up to make Robbins believe Alice Miller a heartless coquette and shrew, and Miller to discover that the real Gertie Robbins is a lazy slattern. Of course, it is all make-believe, and the *statu quo* is finally restored, as if nothing had happened. The play is now on exhibition in other cities.

Photo Byron John W. Cope Mary Nash
Act. I. Jim Blake tries to bribe the operator
SCENE IN "THE WOMAN," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

HARRIS. "MAGGIE PEPPER." Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced August 31 with this cast:

Hattie Murphy, Agnes Marc; Imogene Kelly, Helen Dahl; Miss Morton, Rachel Arliss; Elevator Boy, Stuart Robson; Jake Rothschild, Lee Kohlmar; Mrs. Thatcher, Eleanor Lawson; John Hargen, Grant Stewart; Ethel Hargen, Jeanette Horton; Murchison, Herbert Ayling; Joe Holbrook, Frederick Truesdell; Maggie Pepper, Rose Stahl; Ada Darkin, Beverly Sitgreaves; Zaza, Beatrice Prentice; Johanna, Marie Hudson; Johnson, W. J. Kline; James Darkin, J. H. Benrimo; Detective Bailey, Lawrence Eddinger.

The objection to the starring system, so often urged, is not altogether sound. In life there are characters who attract our attention and compel our interest in a degree not shared by the subordinate people engaged with them in some performance. There are certain great events, it is true, that, in the complication of circumstances, are more important and interesting than any one individual. There are plays, likewise, in which no one individual is absolutely dominant; but if all plays were without this leading character whom the managers conveniently call the star, the stage would soon decline to nothing. When an actor is fitted by nature and prepared by his art for certain parts it would be to reduce playwriting to an absurdity to deny the actor his rights. In acting the matter of quality comes first. Miss Rose Stahl pleased the public and was at her best in a play in which she exhibited qualities of heart and expressed her observations in a pithy way, although her medium was slang. The public naturally wanted to see her in something of the same kind, and Mr. Charles Klein has met this demand in "Maggie Pepper." That a play written for a star can serve the purpose without being a particularly good play cannot be denied, but here we have many compensations that atone in good measure for this shortcoming. The action takes place, for the most part, in the business offices of a department store. Mr. Klein conveys to the stage with great fidelity the circumstances of the experiences of Maggie Pepper, who occupies a responsible position in the office, one in which she sees the business declining through bad management and in which she is suppressed in the exercise of her good sense and fine ability. She deserves a higher position. The manager of the shop clashes with her and she is about to resign. At this time the young owner of the shop, who has been neglecting his business and spending his time in Europe, returns. He knows nothing of the business. In a talk with Maggie, who does not know his identity, he discovers the state of affairs, takes charge of the business and makes Maggie his secretary. He is engaged to be married to the daughter of the manager who is so inimical to Maggie, and here the action fairly begins. The outcome of the affair thus begun establishes the interest. Maggie, who was in trouble when introduced to us, from this point on has to struggle with adverse and melodramatic happenings. She has a thieving sister-in-law whom she finds it impossible to reform, but out of love for the daughter of this uncomfortable person she gets her out of her difficulties. The sister-in-law has a brutal and disreputable husband, who takes advantage of Maggie's protection of his wife and seeks to blackmail her. He comes to Maggie's house, where his wife has found refuge, and while there, suspicious of the presence of a man in the house, he breaks open a door, fires at the man and flees. This man is wounded and remains in the house in hiding until he recovers. The complication is that the victim of the shot is the owner of the store, who had visited Maggie to urge her to marry him. The circumstances bring about the breaking off of the match between the young man and the manager's daughter, with the result that Maggie, after all her troubles, marries the man whose business she had saved. It is plain to see that in its plot this is a makeshift of a play, but it serves its purpose. In spite of its melodramatic features, the play is filled with evidences of Mr. Klein's skill as a dramatist. A very unusual and well-handled scene is where the young owner visits Maggie in order (*Continued on page ix*)

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Rosalie Toller Richard Bennett

Beatrice: "You love Margaret Summers?"

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Ernest Lawford Baby Davis

Samuel (Mr. Lawford): "I found me cap."

SCENES IN C. HADDON CHAMBERS' NEW PLAY, "PASSERS-BY," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

Mme. Simone to Act Here in English

Mme. Simone, the distinguished French actress who is coming to America this month on her first visit, is a remarkable woman both in her professional and private life. In Paris she is the most famous of the younger tragediennes, and here in America her art will, perhaps, be even more appreciated than that of Bernhardt, for the reason that, speaking English fluently, she will act in the vernacular. In private life Mme. Simone is the wife of M. Claude Casimir-Perier, son of the late French President. Her first husband was M. Le Bargy, the well-known matinée idol of the Théâtre Français, whom she divorced.

The daughter of a wealthy Paris banker, Mme. Simone is one of the most highly educated women in France. She speaks several languages and has translated Shelley into French. She had no thought of becoming an actress until after her marriage to M. Le Bargy. It was he who discovered her histrionic gifts, and immediately started to train her for the stage. She proved an amazingly apt pupil, and her success astonished even her husband.

AS MARIE LOUISE IN "THE THIEF"

AS SAPPHO

Photos Boissonas et Taponier, Paris

MME. SIMONE IN PRIVATE LIFE

She made her début in "Le Détour," by Bernstein, in 1902, and the following year she appeared at the Gymnase as Judith in "Le Retour de Jerusalem," by Maurice Donnay. Other impersonations were Eveline in "Le Bercail" and Helen in "La Rafale," both plays by Bernstein. Her greatest hit, however, was as the wife in Bernstein's sensational play, "Le Voleur" ("The Thief"). She played the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler" and Therese in Porto-Riche's play, "Le Vieil Homme."

Like most Parisian actresses, Mme. Simone has a genius for dress, and her gowns in themselves will be a great drawing card. She will open the season in New York this present month under the management of the Messrs. Liebler. Three plays have been selected for the start. They are "Feodora," "The Thief," and Rostand's "Princesse Lointaine," known in English as "The Lady of Dreams."

Mme. Simone is a deeply emotional actress, and gives the impression of having limitless depths of feeling back of that which she reveals in her acting. She has on the Quai de Billy a beautiful home, which displays that her taste in furnishing is as exquisite as that in dress.

White

MIKAIL MORDKIN
Of the Imperial Russian Ballet in his new War Dance of the Red Indian

Scenes in the New Musical Play "The Siren" at the Knickerbocker

Copyright Charles Frohman

The Marquis (Donald Brian) Lolotte (Julia Sanderson)

ACT. I. LOLOTTE: "WHERE HAVE I MET YOU BEFORE?"

Copyright Charles Frohman

The Marquis (Donald Brian) Lolotte (Julia Sanderson)

ACT. III. THE MARQUIS PLEADS FOR FORGIVENESS

Copyright Charles Frohman

Lolotte and the Marquis

ACT. II. THE BALLROOM SCENE

Grievances of a Deadhead

I AM a "deadhead." For many years I have had the entrée to theatres in New York and other cities, and I suppose I have sat through as many bad plays —with some good ones, of course—as most men. Necessarily my acquaintance with men authorized to issue passes has been large and varied. So, in remarking on the trials that follow, accompany and give spice to the use of a free ticket, I speak as a full-fledged member of a worthy class which seldom cares to complain publicly. And yet, there should be a limit to patient resignation, even in a deadhead.

Let us take the other side first.

Managers often declare that the "free list" is the most detestable nuisance of the amusement business. As for the individual deadhead, he is objurgated ceaselessly. Every director of a Broadway theatre, every "producer," every box-office man, ticket-taker, usher, programme boy and press agent takes a fling at him. Never an advance agent (I beg his pardon—"business manager"), or "man back with the show," comes in from the "road" without a few peppery stories of encounters with "pass fiends." The very bill-room roustabout who, with a bundle of lithographs under his arm, goes around town to get a "window showing" for the current attraction returns full of resentment against divers and sundry "guys who tried to beat me out o' passes." The venom permeates the whole theatre. From the carriage porter at the front entrance to the stage door keeper at the back, all express angry contempt for the unfortunate creature who habitually gets his stage entertainment gratis.

Clearly this attitude is unjust. Few persons get into a theatre free unless they can make some return, directly or indirectly, for the privilege. Except when the management happens to have a failure on its hands and "papers the house" indiscriminately to save appearances, the issuing of "complimentaries" is jealously restricted. A certain number are given to friends on purely personal grounds, but the majority of people who see the performance without paying in cash furnish a *quid pro quo* of some kind approved by the manager.

Yet the usually well-behaved person who occupies an orchestra chair without buying a ticket—and who is, therefore, a guest in the truest sense—is often made to feel, in several very unpleasant ways, that he is unwelcome. For instance, there is the ticket-seller. This unimpressionable being, safely intrenched behind his window, seems to go out of his way to make the man with a free ticket realize that he is admitted only on sufferance. The seasoned deadhead who goes to the box-office with a signed pass calling for seat coupons well knows what he is likely to get.

If it is one of the older theatres, in which there are posts supporting the galleries, the chances are that at least one of his two seats will be immediately behind an obstruction of that kind. Or he may be placed in the very last row, where standees in the foyer will lean over him and breathe beer and tobacco down the back of his neck and into his wife's hair. Otherwise, he is likely to find himself far over on the side, where a corner of a private box is in his way, or in a situation where he shivers in a strong draught much of the time.

There is one theatre in New York city the main approach to which is at the side of the parquette. By this arrangement a score or more of seats are directly in the path of a boisterous gale which tears in through the long vestibule from the street from the moment the doors are opened until the curtain rises. This is repeated in the *entr'actes*.

Veteran deadheads know these wind-blown seats as the "pneumonia block." It is in this breezy part of the house that you will find the free ticket brigade at any performance. Paying patrons *may* occupy some of the least-exposed chairs. But seats which catch the blast head on—where women must muffle in furs, while men would like to keep their hats and overcoats on—are pretty sure to be tenanted by those whom the box-office man hates.

"Well, if they don't like the seats, let them buy tickets. Then they'll get something better."

This may not be the ticket-seller's dictum, but when you find yourself in the "pneumonia block" on a blustery winter's night you can't help thinking he is saying something like that to himself as he scowls through his little window.

It is not only when actually in the theatre that one wonders whether it really pays to accept the "courtesy of the house." Assuming that you have some sort of claim on the manager's consideration, you tell his representative, Mr. Blank, that you would like to see the performance

(*Continued on page viii*)

White

GERALDINE MALONE
Popular young actress now appearing in "Havana" on the road

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ATHENIAN FLOWER FESTIVAL, "THE AROMA OF ATHEN

THE REVIVAL OF ANCIENT

ON a pinnacle high above the semi-tropic Pacific, built upon the brink of a precipice, which in rough-hewn formations falls precipitously down a tumbling canyon to the sea, old Athens has risen to a new life.

Her dramas and lores are expounded, her grave sages and fair women gather in classic garb to study and entertain, and her garlanded children make the twilit woods and grassy hill slopes ring with gleeful laughter and merry games.

It is the Golden Age of Greece that is presented in the heart of the complex present-day civilization, and a company of students on Point Loma, in Southern California, are making the following of this simplicity of ancient art-loving, nature-loving Athens a part of their lives.

Recently the Greek Theatre, a replica of the one below the Acropolis in Athens, was opened to the general public by the Theosophical students at the "Point Loma Homestead," giving a presentation of an Athenian flower festival. The evening's experience was one that is not to be duplicated in this practical, utilitarian twentieth century. Nowhere outside of Southern California and Point Loma, the international headquarters of the Theosophists, who are embodying in their lives the pursuit of perfection in beauty and truth, could such a perfect masterpiece of the blending of art and nature have been consummated. The picture hovered so closely on the borderland of the unreal in its commingled beauty—beauty so poignant in its suggestion of poetry and mystery as to rise from the plane of the material and to become one with "such stuff as dreams are made of."

As the dusk settles down about the rugged promontory which juts above the dim expanse of the Pacific, the spectators gather, threading their way through winding paths, hedged with grey shapes of shrubbery. The soft-breathing night is filled with the fresh, aromatic scent of sage and wild flowers. Attaining the brow of the hill, as by magic, at one's very feet lies the amphitheatre, the encircling tiers of stone seats falling to the central arena, and beyond, the open temple and colonnades, all gleaming palely in the encompassing dusk. And below, glimpsed through the marble pillars, the mysterious gloom of the canyon, impenetrable, vast, in its depths, the low-murmuring undertone of the sea, rising a vast elemental voice. In the velvet blackness of the heavens the limpid evening star hangs tremulous, amid the lesser constellations spangling the unknown, unfathomable depths.

From the level, sanded floor of the amphitheatre, softly lighted with encircling torches, rises the sweet, pungent scent of incense, mingling with the fresh odors of the night, and over the brow of the hill comes the laughter of children at their games, the only sound in the stillness. Brooding in the peace of the evening, on an elevation to the right, are the groups of the Theosophical buildings of strange, almost Oriental, architecture, their walls gleaming like alabaster, their glowing domes of pearly incandescence adding a fairy phantasy to the scene. In a neighboring temple are seated a group of musicians. High on a cliff above stands another small temple, with groups of young warriors on the outlook, leaning easily on their long bows. At a nearby fountain, classically draped women, bearing on their heads graceful water urns, leisurely fill and depart with their burdens. Near and more remotely, statuary, the woodland deities, Apollo, Diane, Venus and Pallas Athene, glimmer among the shrubbery.

Who, in the witchery of the hour and the scene, lighted by the changing glow of signal fires of red and green and gold, rising at intervals from the silent hilltops and canyons, would not say, in these days of the twentieth century, it is "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream?"

ISADORA

Flitting, fairy Isadora,
Loveliest handmaid of fair Flora,
Gliding, skipping, leaping, springing,
White feet twinkling, arms wide flinging,
Seems like some sweet wildwood thing,
Or the Spirit of the Spring.

Like a winsome, happy child
Playing with the sunbeams mild;
Like the fitful firelight glimmering;
Like the humming-bird, light-poised, shimmering
Sportive as the Immortal Boy:
True embodiment of joy.

OPEN AIR GREEK THEATRE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

GREEK DRAMA IN AMERICA

It is a perfect setting for the drama—a flower-fête of the ancients. And now come the Athenians, climbing the winding path up the side of the gorge, to the temple and the forum in the groves. The procession is preceded by groups of dancing, light-footed children, whose buoyant spirits cannot match the more sedate tread of their elders. Graceful little maids, sturdy striplings of lads, and babes, toddlers of two and three, laughing in childish glee, as they join in the sports of ball tossing on the graveled space of the amphitheatre.

The children's games—real children and real games—for they are of the Raja Yoga school of the brotherhood, are the final touch of naturalness in an exposition whose fundamental expression is the nature-note. Marvelously graceful are the small, flower-garlanded maidens in their rhythmic, mystic dances; of a wondrous perfection of intonation and enunciation are their clear, childish hymns and invocations to "Pan on his Oaten Pipes," and "To the Swallow"—fragments from the ancient Greek.

Soon, however, their sweet voices fade again into the distance and the maturer actors take the stage. Typical is the picture, men and women discussing with a grave dignity, naïve seriousness, questions of statecraft and ethics.

Breaking in upon the symposium come the sharp, tense notes of a bugle. At once all is alert, confused. The tranquil ease of the scene is changed. A detachment of soldiers, with clanging arms and hamlets of metal, file in, and the centre of the stage is taken by an emissary of the Spartans—lithe-limbed, young, defiant. He flings the challenge of war upon the grave Athenian leader, and upon his stately dismissal leaves behind dark threats of foreboding ill.

The air is charged with the portent of evil. The golden glow pervading the symposium fades into a greenish pallor, and the groups of startled Athenians watch from a distance the procession of votaries, approaching to perform the mystic rites and auguries for a time so momentous.

In the murky depths of the canyon flare mysterious burning fires, their intermittent glow hanging heavily with rolling smoke wreaths. Now from the cavernous gloom, mingling with the deep-throated voice of the invisible sea, arises a weird, chanting strain. Winding sinuously up the tortuous paths a flickering line of dancing lights appear—the flambeaux of the torch bearers. The devotees emerge from the murk of the abyss against the heavy, lurid background, their blood-red garments appearing and disappearing as they climb the winding path, their torches held high. At length, with stately tread, priestesses and votaries file through the pallid columns of the temple, the chant becoming a triumphant martial strain, mingling with the shrill, weird music of ancient instruments—flute and pipe and twanging harp. Following the musicians, graceful bands of confetti throwers cast their votive offerings into the air, and maidens bearing gifts of doves and garlands to propitiate the gods, follow with lightly swaying tread.

The group of Athenians stand in respectful silence as the procession continues its way up the cliff side in the blue dusk, to the temple gleaming on the star-set sky line. Then slowly the moonlit pallor of the scene merges into a warmer radiance. From the midst of the groups steps swiftly a strong, bearded figure, clad in the folds of a spotted leopard skin. The seer lifts his hands in invocation, and his vision-held gaze looking down the ages reveals another time when on Point Loma the hidden mysteries and simplicity of the Athenians would become again a part of the life of the people.

BERTHA HOFFLUND.

DUNCAN

Sacred priestess, calm and stately,
Moving rev'rent, slow, sedately;
Bending low in patient sorrow,
Visioning the mournful morrow;
Solemn eyes and veiling hair,
Ev'ry gesture breathing prayer.

Priestess of Terpsichore,
In thy winged movements free
Myriad moods of soul revealing,
Deep emotion, mighty feeling;
Sprite of spray and woodland dell,
Thou hast bound me 'neath thy spell.

ETHEL M. NELSON.

Sarony

JULIA SANDERSON

Playing Lolotte in "The Siren" at the Knickerbocker

White

FERNANDA ELISCU

Will be seen in the new comedy-drama by Rupert Hughes, entitled "Sadie"

Moffett

MARY BOLAND

Playing Miss Heseltine in "A Single Man" at the Empire

Playing the Preacher

TWENTY years ago the man who plays the preacher better than any man on the American stage was convinced that his *métier* was the portrayal of villains. So thoroughly was he thus convinced that he caused to be stamped at the top of such stationery as he employed for business purposes, "John Findlay, heavies." He was a good villain, too, to employ a paraphrase. Daniel Frohman thought so in the seventeen years of the Frohman-Findlay alliance, when the English actor, turned American three months after he landed in the United States, appeared in the Lyceum productions. He often cast him for sinners' parts. John Findlay's Sweedle, the thieving father of the maidservant in "The Tree of Knowledge," was a triumph of mimic villainy. Now Mr. Findlay's fame rests upon playing sweet-natured old men, especially parsons. What revolutions the dramatic wheel performs!

Yet while he has been a good player of many good parts in his thirty-three years upon the boards, that class of rôles which his audiences best remember, and those in which he has given them the greatest measure of enjoyment, has been as clergymen. Most of these have been saintly characters, the sort of men who do not preach political diatribes from the pulpit, but to whom our spirits crawl in awful moments of prostration and cry their help. His Dr. Lavender, in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," was an admirable etching of the father of a village flock, inured to the narrowness of Old Chester, yet with intellect and will that dominated it. In "The Bishop's Carriage" he was a sweet-natured, kindly-souled old ecclesiastic. In "Excuse Me" he is a simple-souled pastor of a rural flock taking a rare journey for pleasure. In all these rôles Mr. Findlay so played them that the reverent in the audience wished he would raise his hands in benediction upon them. He played the priest in "Leah the Forsaken" with Kate Bateman, and followed as the priest in Olga Nethersole's "Carmen." In "Mrs. Warren's Profession" this portrayer of men of the cloth suffered the double dignity of being arrested, for appearing in what the police for a time thought Bernard Shaw's impossibly wicked play. He was also the parson in "What Happened to Jones," and the cleric in "The Witch."

Mr. Findlay is of air as benign off the stage in his sack coat as on it in clerical frock. He is of face so kindly that his resemblance to the late Joseph Jefferson has often been marked. His voice has intonations with a "Bless thee, my world and all worlds!" ring in it. A smile is self-revealing. His is a mirror of good will. We were sitting in the cosy drawing room of his artistic cottage on Staten Island. He had descended from the bough of an hundred-year-old elm to give me welcome. He set down a bucket of red paint and offered me his hand. Though he had been disturbed in his task of making war on a village of ants that had pre-empted the hollow of the tree and threatened its longevity, he looked at peace with all humanity.

"How can I, who don't know preachers, play them, as you are kind enough to say, well?" he said. "It is imagination. I imagine myself a preacher and think, 'Now, John Findlay, you are a preacher. What will you do? How will you say this? How will you do that?' I always play myself."

"Ah!" I could say no more.

The benign smile of the player of preachers followed my helpless exclamation.

"It is quite true," he said. "I have been on the stage for thirty-three years, and that is one of the chief things the stage has taught. A man always plays himself. The "make-up" is his disguise. I can come on the stage in a new "make-up" and for a time I won't be recognized by my friends in front, but I am playing myself, nevertheless."

"Yourself subdued, soft-pedalled," I suggested.

Photo White

JOHN FINDLAY IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE

"Around the World" at the New York Hippodrome

ENGLAND—THE ELOPEMENT TO GRETNA GREEN

EGYPT—AT THE FOOT OF THE SPHINX

TURKEY—GARDEN OF THE VIZIER'S HAREM

SPAIN—SCENE IN SEVILLE

ITALY—MARRIAGE BY MOONLIGHT IN VENICE

Mishkin

WILLETTE KERSHAW
Appearing in the rôle of Nondas Parkyn in "Snobs" at the Hudson

"Or played *fortissimo,* as the character sometimes demands," he returned.

"But your readings," I insisted. Mr. Findlay was addressing me in the cheerful tones of a neighbor and host. I had heard his voice quaver in near-senility, and try to stifle the tremolo of grief.

"Imagination again," he replied. "First I imagine how the preacher I am to play looks. Then how he talks. I don't measure so much volume to each word. I am John Findlay feeling sad or glad, and I talk as though I were."

One reason for the excellence of the John Findlay preachers may be a predilection for the office, though not the personality of the men of the cloth. In the formative stage when a lad between games of marbles tells "what I'm going to be," little John Findlay brought upon himself the contumely of the other boys in the square by saying: "I want to be either a preacher or an actor."

"The idea was too vague to be explainable," said the actor of priests. "But it may be that the ceremonials of the Church kindled my imagination. Or it may have been the abstract idea of godliness in man that appealed. But there has always been in the back of my mind an ideal of a beautiful, unselfish character whose field of activity was the Church. Perhaps that ideal animated my performances. I do not know."

But when the time was ripe for vocation choosing it was John Findlay's father, by nature an artist, through circumstances a business man, who chose for him. He elected neither the Church nor the stage, but law.

"I found the law very dry, and soon, incited thereto by some success in amateur theatricals, I joined the Marylebone Company in its stock season in London. That was where I met this charming lady."

The charming lady was Agnes Findlay, his wife, and mother of Misses Mabel and Gladys Findlay, both of the stage. Mrs. Findlay was an eccentric comedienne, one of those rare and luminous creatures who do not object to making themselves hideous and awe-inspiring in the interests of fun, which is exceedingly creditable to her.

We remember her for the impression she made in the farce "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot" and in "The Turtle." She was a comedy element in "Jane" and in "The Power of the Press." She and their daughter Gladys were of the cast of the recent "Ticey," of brief existence.

"I played for three months in the Marylebone Stock Company for nothing," said Mr. Findlay. "My salary, when I received one, was two pounds six."

The future Mrs. Findlay taught him nothing of dramatic art, "because our lines were so different. Hers were character and eccentric comedy and I did juveniles and heavies."

Stock work in London and repertoire in the provinces, including engagements with Barry Sullivan and Beerbohm Tree, brought him up the staircase of successive juveniles to leads. He made American tours with Miss Bateman and Miss Fortescue, and it was in the company of Miss Fortescue that he came to this country. He joined the Palmer company in "Jim the Penman," and went under the Daniel Frohman management with Maude Granger in "Sweet Lavender." He was in "Mavourneen" the night ill-starred Billy Scanlon became violently insane and was removed to an asylum. He was identified with the brilliant Old Lyceum Stock Company, and remained under the management of Daniel Frohman for seventeen years. It was he who spoke the first words uttered on the stage of the New Lyceum, he playing the jester with E. H. Sothern in "The Proud Prince."

John Findlay is one of the philosophers who cultvate content. "A fair salary, a sure place in a pleasant company, a good wife and lovely daughters. What more can a man want, my dear?" he said to his wife. "When the revenue gets a little low I take a summer stock engagement. I am a happy man."

But Mrs. Findlay was of more restless temperament. "Try to get ten dollars a week more. You're worth it," she urged.

"I am not sure of that, but I'll ask." He asked, got five, grew peevish, for him, and joined the Arnold Daly company. Mr. Daly cast him for William, the preacher-like waiter, who serves at table his educated son and the son's company of smart friends in "You Never Can Tell." The actor gave to the character of the old waiter all the contrast the author had intended, more parental solicitude and sweetness than he had designed.

"When I got to the Club the next day men came up and called me John whom I didn't know I knew," he said. On Saturday his envelope was heavier than he expected, twice heavier, in fact, and so it has remained. Two plans for starring him are under consideration. Margaret Anglin's project was to have a play written around him as Dr. Lavender. Success not only beckons. It has grasped him by both shoulders.

ADA PATTERSON.

ADA REHAN

ELLEN TERRY

LILY LANGTRY

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

JULIA MARLOWE

IDA CONQUEST

LILLIAN RUSSELL

LILLIAN NORDICA

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHIC GLIMPSES OF SOME PROMINENT STAGE FAVORITES

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MME. MAETERLINCK (GEORGETTE LEBLANC) AND MAURICE MAETERLINCK

THE MAETERLINCKS

LAST winter it was announced that Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian poet, and his talented wife, Georgette Leblanc, the actress, were coming to New York to witness a performance of "The Blue Bird." The dramatist himself denied the report, adding facetiously that if he came to America at all it would be simply to see the country, and even then not at a time of year when there would be any danger of seeing his own plays, a statement quite characteristic of Maeterlinck, the man.

The Maeterlincks are called the strangest couple in Europe—he on account of his moods, which lead him one day to carousals, the next to rhapsodies; she, because she has shown that she understands the art of following where he leads, skilfully, sympathetically, absolutely. She responds to his every mood, no matter how whimsical. A great poet and a great actress—the combination is rare. Goethe loved his cook; Heine, his housekeeper; Kant, his chambermaid, and Samuel Johnson, his Betsey; Maeterlinck, whom admirers have called the Belgian Shakespeare, and detractors, the incomprehensible symbolist, married his interpreter.

This sounds almost as economical as marrying one's cook. As a matter of fact, in this instance it is more so, for Mme. Maeterlinck not only bakes and stews for her husband, but she also serves as his inspiration. She changed the whole tone of his writings by her influence. Up to the time that Maeterlinck saw and fell in love with the gifted actress, his writings took the form of weird, fantastic, pessimistic dramas, inspired by a depressed and saddened soul that had not as yet found its way to freedom. His works were morbid, vague and terrible, and left a most unwholesome effect upon the reader. They were filled with doubt and gloom, although they were expressed in terms of ineffable beauty. Georgette Leblanc brought the joy of life to bear upon this philosophy of despair, and it was not long before the world was astonished to see Maeterlinck, the confirmed pessimist, regard everything in a new light. The world as he viewed it now had put on a more cheerful garb. The poet's mood had changed completely, and the miracle had been wrought by his clever and beautiful actress wife.

Not only is Georgette Leblanc his housekeeper, but she is also his barometer. She feels his moods in advance and responds. If he blows warm, so does she; if he blows cold, so does she. She veers like a weathercock in response to each of his moods. When he is glad, she is glad; when he is sad, she is sad; when he is angry, she is angry.

"She is the other half of my soul," he says.

Suddenly, after weeks of calm country life, the poet's blood boils in his veins. He is impelled to revelry. His wife feels his impulse and hastens to anticipate his mood. She understands, sympathizes; without reproaches she sets the scene. She writes her gayest stage friends to come down from Paris. She turns the quiet, beautiful garden into a place of Bacchanalian gaiety. The staid neighbors gossip and shudderingly gaze between cracks in the fences. "Is it possible," they ask, "that this is the man who wrote: 'A movement is on foot which only the blind refuse to see. The soul is beginning to reveal itself, as well as everything that depends on it. We are beginning to understand that

there is something higher and more important than mere vulgar existence.'"

The contrast to the serene, calm days that have preceded this outburst amaze every one but Mme. Maeterlinck. For weeks at a time before this the poet has remained as if entranced with the peace of his garden, miles from the din of Paris. Day after day he walks in the fields absorbed in the composition of beautiful verse. In such a mood he preaches the worship of all that is beautiful and pure and good. His thoughts seem all to be lifted heavenward. He becomes deeply religious. At such times he wrote "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Life of the Bee," which have forced those who have called him a degenerate to apologize. In such a mood he wrote the vivid drama, "The Intruder," which symbolizes Death; and later, "The Blind," symbolic of the world lost in the gloomy labyrinth of disbelief. In such mood he wrote the simple tale of the "Princesse Maleine."

And his constant companion, Georgette Leblanc, who once sang "Sapho" at the Opéra Comique, adores the poet, whatever his state. For days he scarcely speaks to her; he seems to have forgotten that she exists. Patiently she waits for him to become once more communicative. She sits in the garden beside him reading or sewing.

Often the neighbors, those who a few nights before have peeped in upon scenes of wild revelry, will catch a glimpse of Mme. Maeterlinck quietly darning stockings for her remarkable husband. Again, she is bending over the stove in the kitchen, concocting a dish that is calculated to bring him back to the contemplation of earthly pleasures. For hours they sit silently side by side in their garden, where hollyhocks, roses and sweet-smelling honeysuckle vines surround them. They are content with peace and isolation. They understand each other without speaking.

GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAETERLINCK)
On the balcony of their historic and artistic home, the Abbey of St. Wandrille, in Normandy

The nobility of the poet's thoughts is reflected in the clearness of his blue eyes. He looks like a boy. He is stout, with rosy cheeks. He looks younger than his wife, who at forty is counted one of the handsomest women in Europe. She has a charm which is underlying. She is not brilliant, but something better. Maeterlinck is brilliant enough for both. His wife is intelligently sympathetic.

The English public cried out against his "Monna Vanna." He brought his wife to London, where she had the courage to appear in the title rôle. The play fell under the ban of the censor, whereupon its interpreter and creator disdainfully cried that the English were a nation of prudes. Since they have received his "Blue Bird" so well he thinks better of them.

Maeterlinck's first work, a five-act tragedy called "La Princesse Maleine," brought forth from Octave Mirbeau this unprecedented praise: "I know nothing of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. I do not know where he is, or what he is like. Whether he is old or young, rich or poor, I know not. I know only that no one is more unknown than he, and that he has produced a masterpiece. He has given us the most brilliant work of this period, and the most extraordinary and the most naive also, comparable—dare I say it?—superior in beauty to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare."

Thus began the fame of the young Flemish poet, who afterwards blossomed under the influence of love into a most remarkable and optimistic philosopher, for as soon as the wonder-working influence of love began he wrote no more of stagnant pools, dark birds of the night, awful places of mystery, and things of horror and terror. Under the radiant spell of the wholesome sweet woman who won his heart, he produced books that set the whole world wondering.

His first stimulating and optimistic work was "The Treasure of the Humble," a book of charming essays upon the laws of life. This was quickly followed by "Wisdom and Destiny," which he dedicated to his wife in this graceful fashion:

"I dedicate to you this book, which is, in effect, your work. There is a collaboration more lofty and more real than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example. I have not been obliged to imagine laboriously the resolutions and the actions of a wise ideal, or to extract from my heart the moral of a beautiful reverie necessarily a trifle vague. It has sufficed to listen to your words. It has sufficed that my eyes have followed you attentively in life; they follow thus the movements, the gestures, the habits of Wisdom herself."

In his later books, "The Life of the Bee" and "The Intelligence of the Flowers," he wrote most wonderfully of the things of nature, showing astonishing familiarity with its secrets.

His books, translated into almost every civilized tongue, have been a great help to troubled spirits like his own. He seems to reach the heart directly. This is why he has become widely beloved in many lands.

In his essay on Luck, Maeterlinck says:

"Let us unwearily follow each path that leads from our consciousness to our unconsciousness. We shall thus succeed in hewing some kind of track through the great and yet impassable roads that lead from the seen to the unseen, from man to God, from the individual to the universe. At the end of these roads lies hidden the general secret of life."

This may be regarded as the keynote of "The Blue Bird," in which he depicts with the simplicity and the directness of a genius the quest after the Ideal, after Happiness, after the Unattainable. More pretentious than "Adriane and Barbe Bleue," "The Blue Bird" is perhaps Maeterlinck's most successful achievement as an imaginative writer. Unlike the weird and fantastic stories by such master painters of the terrible as Hoffman and Poe, which gave the impression of curiosities and strange happenings, Maeterlinck's symbolic works make the reader feel that the fate of every man, of all mankind, is depicted in them.

GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAETERLINCK)
In the old garden of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, once the home of the Benedictine monks

As Maeterlinck pointed out in a preface to his earlier plays, the characters of his dramas believe in some gigantic power of the unseen and fatal; no one knows its will, but the spirit of the drama considers it as cruel, watching all our acts, inimical to every smile of ours, to our peace, to our happiness. He believes that the words that are spoken here, and the tears that are shed here, assume significance simply because they fall into an abyss, on whose edge the drama is enacted, and in falling they sound so dull that there is reason to believe that the abyss is immeasurably deep. For a long time to come yet, until some scientific revelation will disclose to us, at last, the mysteries of Nature, or until communication with another world, with some older planet than ours, will explain to us the origin and the aims of life, we shall remain casual, faint lights, given over without any clear purpose in the will of the storms of night.

Two years ago the Maeterlincks attracted the attention of the whole intellectual world by producing at their wonderful home in Normandy, the old Abbey of Saint Wandrille—bought by the poet after it was taken from the Benedictine Monks—his own translation of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth." It was the most unique thing of its kind ever witnessed. In the exteriors and interiors of Wandrille they selected such settings as best suited the various scenes of the play, and in the progress of the tragedy

actors and audience moved from scene to scene. The "blasted heath," for instance, was represented by a stretch of moorland in the vicinity; the King welcomed in the cloisters, and the banquet scene was set in the refectory. Only fifty privileged spectators were admitted to witness this unique performance. The cast included the best known Parisian actors.

The poet is never idle, although sometimes refraining for weeks from the use of the pen. He is a wide and careful reader; industriously tends his bees and works in his orchard and garden. He rides a bicycle, uses a motor car, fishes and skates like any other normal person.

Madame Maeterlinck is quite as much of a mystic as her husband. A student of the Vedanta philosophy and science of Yoga, she is more or less of an occultist and is an adept at crystal gazing. She has a gigantic crystal globe, before which she will sit in mystic silence for hours, and apparently she sees many wonderful things therein, reading what is happening in different parts of the earth and also calling up the spirits of the dead. She rarely reveals any of these mystic doings to any one but her husband. From him she has no secrets, as the two are like one person, one soul, thinking upon the same lines and being in the "same vibration," as Madame expresses it herself, and therefore in perfect harmony always.

MME. MAETERLINCK CRYSTAL GAZING

Mme. Maeterlinck has written a "code for wives." Being herself such a successful wife, a few quotations from the code may be considered of value:

"Never allow hirelings to tend your husband in what concerns his bodily welfare.

"See that his clothes are ready each day and befitting the season of the year.

"When your husband is in a bad temper, don't develop similar symptoms; but when he is merry, imitate him plentifully.

"Don't fondle him before meal time—kisses to a hungry man are as soap bubbles to a parched throat.

"Use your tongue only in agreement; disapproval is best expressed with the eyes.

"If your husband has the gout, don't insist on walking.

"If you wish to convince him that you are a better actress than Bernhardt, and a sprightlier dancer than Pavlowa, show him that you are a better cook than Escoffier.

"A wife's duties are, among others, to smooth over domestic tiffs—a man never admits that he is in the wrong—and to have an eye for the week after next.

"Finally, never lose sight of the fact, in making all these sacrifices, if a man supports the family, woman is his superior in far more ways than he is hers."

BRANDER DE RENNES.

The Greatest Scandinavian Hamlet

WE may find no difficulty in agreeing with Diderot that "A great actor is a rare being—as rare as, and perhaps greater than a poet;" but it is not so simple a matter for us to concur upon what exactly constitutes a great actor. Hazlitt held that of all Shakespeare's characters Hamlet was for the player the most difficult; and George Henry Lewes asserted that "No actor has been known utterly to fail as Hamlet." In a sense, of course, both are right: to give a wholly satisfying performance of the Dane is, at this late day (it was otherwise in the Elizabethan age), well-nigh impossible; still, the Prince is so many-sided, so richly endowed, physically, mentally, spiritually, that any artist worthy the name can not *utterly* fail to give life to some facet of his character.

Those who have seen Salvini as Conrado, and Mounet-Sully as Oedipe-Roi, do not hesitate in proclaiming the Italian and the Frenchman as great actors; and yet, as a rule, they had rather not witness their performances of Hamlet. Although the Prince of M. Mounet-Sully still calls forth cheers at the Théâtre Français, and

EDVARD SWARTZ AS HAMLET

though the Dane presented by Salvini evoked not a few American encomiums, from an unbiased critical point of view both of these impersonations must be set down as frank failures.

In Scandinavia, in the nineteenth century, there were several famous players of Hamlet (most notably the Danes, Höedt and Emil Poulsen; the Swedes, Almlöf the elder, and August Lindberg), but with one actor the rôle became inseparably associated, as it was with Betterton and Edwin Booth. Edvard Swartz made Hamlet his *chef-d'œuvre;* during the three decades of his stage-career his rendering of the part was unsurpassed on the Scandinavian stage; and the tradition he left is potent still. It can not well be gainsaid that the peoples of the trio of northern kingdoms are, generally, more deeply in sympathy with the works of Shakespeare, and have a truer understanding of them, than the inhabitants of either France or Italy; and in the enactment of a drama like "Hamlet" their players often attain the felicitous medium between Gallic sprightliness and German ponderosity.

Swartz is probably the greatest actor,

(*Continued on page vii*)

Lewis Waller—England's Foremost Romantic Actor

CERTAINLY not the least interesting feature of the forthcoming production at the Century Theatre of the dramatization of Robert Hichens' well-known novel, "The Garden of Allah," will be the appearance in the rôle of the monk, Androvsky, of Lewis Waller, an English actor of distinction, who has not yet been seen in this country.

For a decade Mr. Waller has been one of the most conspicuous and popular luminaries of the London stage, occupying an exalted position in the world of Shakespearian and poetic drama; yet, strangely enough, he has never appeared on this side of the water, despite numerous offers from leading managers. His range of characterization is notably wide, and to each part that he assumes he brings to bear exceptional intellectual and artistic qualities. As a manager and producer Mr. Waller has achieved a reputation second only to his renown as an actor, his productions being uniformly noted for their lofty standards and illuminative merit.

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As Robin Hood — As Beaucaire — As Brigadier Gerard

LEWIS WALLER AND SOME OF THE ROLES HE HAS MADE FAMOUS

Like many another great actor, Mr. Waller was by birth destined for a commercial career. After a period of study on the Continent, he entered his uncle's firm in London, where he was eventually promoted to be foreign correspondence clerk, a position which he held for five years. His evenings, however, were devoted to amateur acting, which more and more became a passion with him, until finally, in 1883, he forsook the security of the business desk for the unknown and doubtful fortunes of an actor's career.

His début was made as the Hon. Claude Lorrimer in "Uncle Dick's Darling," under the management of the late John Lawrence Toole, at Toole's Theatre. The performance was attended by King Edward—then Prince of Wales—an auspicious omen, for since that time Mr. Waller had the distinction of five times being commanded to appear before their Majesties during the late reign at Sandringham and Windsor Castles.

Mr. Waller's advancement was gratifyingly rapid and prosperous. For a year he played leading light comedy and juvenile parts with Mr. Toole, following which he played juvenile parts in a tour of the provinces with the late Helena Modjeska. The characters allotted to him during this engagement were Orlando in "As You Like It," Sir Edward Mortimer in "Mary Stuart," De Varville in "Heartsease," and the Abbé in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Then, for the first time, Mr. Waller appeared under his own management, touring the provinces in "Dark Days," in which he played Dr. Basil North. Returning to London, he filled several important engagements, finally joining Messrs. Hare and Kendal at the St. James Theatre. Here he appeared in many different characters, the more especially as regular matinée performances were not an established routine at this time, thus affording an opportunity to present numberless new plays and new players at "special matinées." In this way Mr. Waller gained valuable experience in a large number of new parts.

The late Wilson Barrett was the next to secure Mr. Waller's services. Engagements followed with John Hare, and at Terry's Theatre and at the Avenue Theatre. In support of Mrs. Langtry, at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Waller played Armand Sevarro in "The Queen of Manoa" and Hugh Ainsworth in "Agatha Tylden." At the same theatre Mr. Waller appeared with H. Beerbohm Tree as Orestes in "Hypatia," and as Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." A season or two later he rejoined Mr. Tree, this time at His Majesty's Theatre. Here Mr. Waller played a number of Shakespearian rôles, among others Hotspur in "Henry IV," Laertes in "Hamlet," Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," Philip Faulconbridge in "King John," and Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

AS D'ARTAGNAN

In 1900 Mr. Waller, in partnership with William Mollison, made an elaborate production of "Henry V," in the title rôle of which Mr. Waller made one of his greatest successes.

After important engagements with Mrs. Langtry and Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Waller became lessee and manager of the Imperial Theatre, appearing to splendid advantage in a considerable number of parts, including Monsieur Beaucaire in the play of that name, and Romeo in Shakespeare's love-tragedy.

The managerial destinies of the Lyric Theatre fell to Mr. Waller's direction in 1906, and his greatest and most recent triumphs have occurred in this house. Othello, Robin Hood, Henry V, and Hotspur, are all parts that have brought to his tenacy of the Lyric both fresh and renewed laurels. His performance of Jim Carston in "The White Man," as the English version of our familiar "Squaw Man" was known, was also much praised.

Of all the many parts (*Continued on page vi*)

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LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY V, ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF HIS IMPERSONATIONS

A Pioneer Woman Playwright

CLEVER women are to-day writing for the stage everywhere, and some of them are making large fortunes with their plays, but even among the most successful none can match the extraordinary productiveness of Mrs. Inchbald, that remarkable actress-playwright of the beginning of the nineteenth century, of whose work Dickens wrote: "Mrs. Inchbald's 'Animal Magnetism' will go with a greater laugh than anything else. . . . I have seen people laugh at the piece until they hung over the front of the boxes like ripe fruit." This was thirty years after her death.

MRS. INCHBALD

Elizabeth Simpson was born on a farm in Standingfield, near Bury, in 1753. Her father died when she was a child, leaving the family with very narrow means. The mother, a warm-hearted but irresponsible woman, had little love for domestic drudgery, and day after day the farm was deserted, and she and the children went off to the theatre at Bury. Elizabeth was thus steeped in plays and play acting from babyhood. Having a natural thirst for information, she also devoured all the books of every sort that came her way. In spite of a stammer,—which in later years was considered one of her many attractions,—her ambition was to become an actress, and with the eagerness and energy that stood her in good stead all her life, this serious, determined little girl studied hard to improve her enunciation, going off to the fields to practice certain difficult words by the hour.

From a child of twelve her plaint was, "I would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." This dislike of country life never left her. She could enjoy the solitude of a London garret, but she dreaded the forced loneliness of fields and woods. In her later years, a friend suggested that she might live more cheaply, and be more comfortable, farther away from London. Shuddering, she answered: *"Never!* Nothing happens in the country. There's such a *noise* of *nothing* in the country."

Before she was sixteen, she had written, quite unknown to her mother, to the actor-manager of the Bury company, Mr. Griffiths, asking for an engagement. Letters passed between them, yet nothing else came of it. After visiting one of her married sisters in London, and feeling the glamor of the city theatres and public gardens, life on the farm was duller than ever, and the young girl, full of determination, took her destiny into her own hands.

One day in April the Norwich coach drew up before the inn of the "Rose & Crown" in London, to leave there a girl of eighteen, nervous, frightened, but with a heart big with hope. Fearing, if she joined her sisters, that she would be sent back to the farm, she set out to find friends, only to discover that they had left London for Wales. Though "nervous and rather frightened" for a time, she began the next day buoyantly, called on two managers, one of whom promised to see her at her lodgings. When he did not come, she imagined that it was because of the shabbiness and mean situation of the "Rose & Crown," so went to the "White Swan" on Holborn Bridge, living on penny buns and water when she was not invited to dine with the family, who were greatly interested in their mysterious and charmingly pretty lodger.

Tireless, she made the round of the managers day after day, but met with more insults than encouragement, and her diary records that she was "vexed and terrified beyond measure." Fortunately, at this pass, she met one of her brothers-in-law, who bundled her off to her "Sister Hunt's," with threats on the way of sending her back to the farm. She had met at this house the year before, a provincial actor, thirty-seven years of age, named Inchbald. He had promptly fallen in love with her. Several letters had passed between them. He had asked and been refused. Her mind had evidently vibrated between two at this time, for she notes:

"1772, Jan. 22d—Saw Mr. Griffith's picture. Jan. 28th—Stole it. Jan. 29th—Rather disappointed at not receiving a letter from Mr. Inchbald." Similar entries follow.

Mr. Inchbald now renewed his pleading. She, in spite of the rush of her eighteen years, saw life sanely. Though not romantically in love, still her imagination threw a glamor over this "kindest-hearted of men," so she married him. No whisking off on a honeymoon for them. She went quietly to the play in the evening to see her husband as Mr. Oakley in "The Jealous Wife," and then, within a day or so, they were off to Bristol, where Mr. Inchbald had a new engagement.

Feeling that there was a glimmer of very real talent underlying her immaturities, the actor worked untiringly with his wife. She declaimed hour after hour at home and in the open air, trying to break a very slow, measured delivery, the result of the impediment in her speech. As Cordelia to her husband's Lear, she made her first appearance September 4, 1772. No notice is made of this, except that "her exquisite beauty made a favorable impression." From Bristol to London, a few hours with her mother at Standingfield, then off to Scotland, and now she was in the full swing of the life she had longed for, with all the drudgeries, disagreeables and small triumphs of the travelling players.

Although, doubtless, an inferior actress, intimidated by her stammer, she must have certainly won Aberdeen, for she played there in thirty characters, from August to November. In Dumfries, the ladies refused to go to the theatre when she was not in the cast. Her youth and fresh beauty, and her infectious, musical laugh,—which she seems to have possessed in common with Mrs. Jordan,—won every heart. All of this time she was studying incessantly, and filling big commonplace books with long extracts. Several hours a day were given to literature and French, paying her French master a shilling a lesson. Later they went on a long desired and planned-for trip to France. Mr. Inchbald had hazy ideas of becoming a miniature painter, but at the end of September their resources had dwindled until they had barely enough to bring them back to England. They were in such straits, in fact, that they often went without dinner or tea, and would make a meal of turnips in a nearby field, Mrs. Inchbald always merry and joking over their troubles.

In October they managed to get engagements in Liverpool, and there met the marvelous Mrs. Siddons. A lifelong friendship began between these two women of equal force of character. Mrs. Siddons was just recovering from the shock of her banishment from Drury Lane. She was doing her own household work, washing and ironing for her "Sid" and the children. Soon after this the Inchbalds, Siddons's family, and John Pfilip Kemble, spent a happy, care-free holiday in country lodgings on Russel Moor. They shared each others' studies and amusements, talked over pictures, plays, prospects. They played cards in the evenings, or Mrs. Siddons and John would sing duets; or, again, they would dash out on the moor for a game of blind-man's-buff or puss-in-the-corner—Volumnia and Coriolanus playing tag.

A tireless worker from first to last, Mrs. Inchbald's reading

Sarony

DONALD BRIAN AS ARMAND MARQUIS DE RAVAILLAC IN "THE SIREN" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

in one year was: Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Johnson's English Grammar, Tasso, Hudibras, Voltaire, Ovid, Plato, The Dialogues of Lucian, Plutarch's Lives, "Paradise Lost and Regained," Junius's Letters, Marmontel and Essays on Shakespeare.

This study and enthusiasm over the writings of others made her long and half-hope to become a writer herself. She had undoubtedly begun to realize that as an actress she would never rank high, and about this time she began to trace the outline of her novel, "The Simple Story." She had been studying Kemble minutely. He, then in his twentieth year, had just returned from the Roman Catholic College at Douai, where he had been studying for the priesthood. This, together with his uncommonly handsome face, and cold, rather formal manner, made him the living model of Darriforth.

In June, 1779, the Inchbalds and Kemble were in Halifax together, all promised happiness and prosperity, when Mr. Inchbald died suddenly from heart disease. She writes that it was "a day of horror," and the week following "a week of grief, horror and almost despair." There had been occasional bitternesses and tears, on her part, but they had had a warm affection for each other and many interests in common. For years she greatly missed his encouragement and companionship. After a time, the world, particularly the theatrical world, married her to Kemble, and it is certain that the attraction on both sides was strong. Her two faults—temper and stubbornness—may have swerved him. He may have been too ambitious at this stage of his career to take on responsibilities. Mrs. Siddons hints that John's sensibilities were not very acute. She did not like to play to his lovers. He never let himself go. He was not the type to be blindly fond of any woman.

An engagement at Covent Garden, when she was twenty-seven, opened up a new page in Mrs. Inchbald's life. The fact that she was received with indifference did not seem to disturb her in the least, for she was building all her hopes on three farces she had in hand. The manager, Harris, after grudgingly consenting to look them over, promptly gave unfavorable decisions. She tried a comedy with no better success. She sent it to Manager Colman at the Haymarket, but he neither looked at it nor returned it. The situation was critical. Her "Simple Story" had been refused by half the publishers in London. The stage was all she could look to for a living. So the next few years were passed in London, Dublin and the provinces—a scrambling existence, a life of disenchantment, exceedingly hard work and miserably paid—thirty shillings to begin with,—and she expected to make her own dresses and keep them up to the "splendor and fashion" of the characters she played.

During her Dublin engagement she again met Kemble, and the old talks and readings were resumed. About this time she confessed to one of her many admirers that she had a temper that only "blind affection in a husband" could put up with. This temper stood her in good stead with her Dublin manager, Daly, who made such violent love to her that she boxed his ears soundly—and had to leave the theatre. Once more she was compelled to ask for an engagement at Covent Garden at the old miserable terms of thirty shillings a week. Life was grim enough at this time. She was obliged, as always, to assist, out of her scanty earnings, her very down-at-the-heel family—a family seemingly doomed to misfortune.

Notwithstanding her repeated failures, nothing sapped her spirit. In an attic room, her family needs acting as a spur, she started in with characteristic, headlong energy on another farce—"The Mogul Tale: or, The Descent of the Balloon," and sent it in to Manager Colman. Balloons being a timely topic at that time, the piece was immediately accepted, and the author received one hundred guineas for it. Produced with immense success at the Haymarket in 1784, it proved the foundation of her fortune.

Mrs. Inchbald now swung into instant success. The little

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LILY ELSIE

Popular young English actress now playing the part of Angele Didier in "The Count of Luxembourg," at Daly's Theatre, in London. She may be seen in the same rôle in this country when that musical piece is produced here.

White Mollie Creedon (Ruth Shepley) Bobby Pitt (Douglas Fairbanks)
Act. III. Bobby Pitt is suspected of being a professional burglar
SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY, "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," AT THE GLOBE

provincial was the talk of London. She reminded Colman that he had had a comedy of hers tucked away for three years. He read and accepted it immediately, and when "I'll Tell You What" was read in the green room, she was overwhelmed with congratulations. Colman hugged her to his heart, saying, "It is one of the best things of the age." The public swarmed to the Haymarket. Mrs. Inchbald was then acting in her own plays, and when, at her benefit, both her farce and comedy were produced, and she came forward,—slender, alluring,—the house rose to her and shouted itself hoarse.

It is difficult to understand how her plays could have so gripped the house. Her characters are conventional, though the dialogue is written with some sprightliness. Their principal merit seems to be a thorough knowledge of stage "business." Moreover, she wrote upon popular topics of the day. Undoubtedly the acting explains much of their success. The actors Quick, Munden, Lewis and Farren, had a marvelous power of filling up outlines. Commonplaces blossomed in their hands. They were four actors who would give us immense pleasure to-day.

"The Simple Story" is a classic. It touches the very core of the heart. Though her second novel was far less popular, Lamb calls it "That sweet book," and Leigh Hunt says of it, "Passages more beautiful and pathetic are not to be found in the whole range of English prose."

Sincerity and common sense seem to have been Mrs. Inchbald's chief virtues. She looked through every tangle of sentiment and saw the practical. She had balance, and, to an unusual degree, that rarest of qualities—charm.

Barring Sheridan at Drury Lane, who was not over anxious for competition, all the managers clamored for her plays, which followed each other in rapid succession: "The Widow's Vow," three translations from the French, "Animal Magnetism," "The Midnight Hour," and "The Child of Nature." Her comedy, "Such Things Are," brought her £900, and packed Covent Garden to the roof night after night. Everything she wrote had a triumph. "The Simple Story" was eagerly bought up and published by Robinson, and a second edition was called for within a few days.

Yet this success did not turn her head. She remained as simple and unaffected as before, nor did she change her mode of living, making her home in all sorts of queer places. Leicester Court, Hart Street, Great Russell Street, Frifth Street, Leicester Square, Turnham Green, Strand, St. George's Row 5 and 11, Earl's Terrace, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, Leonard Place, Kensington Place,—all have housed her. Very grim lodgings some of them, but that she was over a tap-room or in a shabby garret never troubled her in the least. Nothing less than a bankrupt landlady could have made her budge from her attic and move to Leicester Square, where she was literally besieged by crowds of noble and wealthy patrons, authors, actors, artists. She was obliged to lock herself in when the writing mood was on. In spite of her level head, she delighted in all this praise, distinction and fuss. From Leicester Square she writes:

"I have been very ill indeed, but since the weather has permitted me to leave off making my fire, scouring the grate, sifting the cinders, and all the *etceteræ* of going up and down three long pairs of stairs with water or dust, I feel quite another creature. . . . I am both willing and able to perform hard bodily labor, but then the fatigue of being a fine lady the rest of the day is too much for any common strength. Last Thursday I finished scrubbing my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at the door to take me for an

Mollett
HARRY BURKHARDT
Playing the star part in "Circumstantial Evidence"

Sarony

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD
As the American Beauty at the Folies Bergere

airing. . . . At Lady Cork's the other evening I believe I was the only person (except the Jekylls) without a title."

In 1803, worn out with scrubbing floors and sifting cinders, she gave up the struggle in her beloved Leicester Square, and parted from the dear baby "Happy." "I lament more than ever I did the not having had a child," she writes, "a child was born in this house . . . and I, having seen it every day, have been so enchanted by its increasing beauty and sense that I think I love it better than almost anything in the world."

All the world was running after her. Invited everywhere, now she dines with Lady this or that, goes to Carleton House for a week-end, to a masquerade ball to meet the Prince of Wales, or is off with the Kembles for a fish dinner at Billingsgate. She goes to routs at Mrs. Siddons', often sups with her, and rarely misses passing Christmas Day with the Siddons family.

The prices paid for Mrs. Inchbald's work were invariably high, and her lifelong self-denial seemed uncalled for, but her family made incessant demands upon her—they drew upon her bounty to the end.

At fifty-five, and at no time was she more sought after, she began to shut herself in. She had written nothing for the stage for over a year. A few friends would take no rebuffs, and forced their way into her retreat, but her door was closed to the world in general. She still visited the Kemble and Siddons families, and at their houses met many old friends, who agreed that her charm was never more remarkable. In 1810 she saw no callers and made no calls herself, though Kemble finally came and "forcibly" carried her off in his carriage to dinner. In 1813 she permitted herself a few relaxations. She met Mme. de Staël and the Edgeworths, and glowed in their praise of her "Simple Story." When asked by Mme. de Staël why she shunned society, she answered: "Because I dread the loneliness that will follow . . . because I have no one to tell that I have seen *you.*" "I have had my full share of the world," she writes her friend, Mrs. Phillips, "a busy share from fifteen to fifty . . . thirty-five years of perpetual crowd and bustle. . . . I should want taste did I not now enjoy that variety in life which I gain by solitude." She tells John Bell, when he urges her to conduct the fashion magazine of that day, *La Belle Assemblée,* that she has done with the fashionable world and thinks only of a better. In 1814, back to her old privations, and she ate only two dinners that she did not prepare herself. She fasted in Lent until she made herself ill, bringing this speedy note from Mrs. Siddons:

MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD:

It gives us all real concern to hear of your illness, and I should make my inquiries in person if it were in my power, but we are also a house of invalids. We are really anxious to know how you are, and most happy should I be if I could in any way administer to your comfort. Shall I send you some jelly or broth? Send me a line by the Penny Post, and think you are doing *me* a kindness by suffering me to be of use to you.

Your true admirer and affectionate,
S. SIDDONS.

Finally she absented herself from the theatres, even refusing to accompany Samuel Rogers to Byron's box to see Kean, nor would she go to Kemble's farewell benefit. She gave up even her well beloved Walter Scott and read only religious books. For fear of hurting the feelings of her friends, she destroyed four volumes of her "Memoirs," which would have made spicy reading.

She moved to Kensington House, a "cheerful, comfortable" lodging, and had it not been for frequent little illnesses and her vexation at the loss of her beauty, would have been "rather happy." Here Kemble visited her for the last time, and she, with her last flicker of coquetry, sat with her face to the wall. A few weeks later she enjoyed, in spite of "a feverish cold," a walk in the meadow back of the house. Within the hour she makes this last entry in her journal:

"Very ill of cold and fever, . . . rose at three for half an hour only . . ."

She lies in the churchyard of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. The sexton could not point out her grave to a recent wanderer there.

GRACE BIGELOW PATTEN.

Scenes in George Bronson-Howard's New Comedy "Snobs" at the Hudson

Photos White Willette Kershaw Frank McIntyre

ACT II. NONDAS AND THE DUKE GREET EACH OTHER

Frank McIntyre Willette Kershaw

ACT II. THE DUKE: "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME NOW?"

Helen Bond Eva MacDonald Frank McIntyre Willette Kershaw Katherine Stewart

ACT III. THE DUKE OF WALSHIRE: "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY JEWELRY?"

THE VILLAGE OF SCHLIERSEE IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS

Schliersee and Its Peasant Players

FRITZ GREINER

THE peasant villagers of Germany are the Yankees of Europe; Connecticut, in the legendary days of wooden nutmeg, could not have aspired to a higher commercial inventiveness. Oberammergau is still well in the van in this aspect, but many another section, though less freely advertised, is not far behind it.

At the Creation, God gave the Bavarian Highlanders their lakes and mountains as a *pour boire,* on the interest of which they have been living ever since. Enriched as birthright with a landscape, native astuteness soon realized many side issues of profit. The Highland valleys may be fertile under cultivation, but the main expanse of their little world is pine-clad mountain and rocky peak. Unless a small patch of tillable soil be granted them, wood-cutting or carving offer an alternative, but scarcely a road to affluence. Like the Swiss, however, the landscape becomes with them a communal property, and the tourist the chief article of commerce. Thus mind rises above matter, and with the usual gratifying result.

Schliersee, two hours by tortuous railway meandering from Munich, is in its fertile beauty one of the rarest spots in all the Highlands. With a fine sense of appropriateness the people have built there a white-spired, chalet-roofed village on the edge of blue-green water; encircling it rise wooded, snow-capped mountains, the whole mirrored in a calm depth of lake. Chief among their foresights in the building process has been to include hotels in plenty, with large "guest" rooms and shady gardens, in one or the other of which good beer is continuously on tap. Thus invited, the world, always seeking an object toward which to wander, has responded unfailingly.

From many a district less favored by Nature, the peasant must tramp out to earn his bread, but in Schliersee there remains a perennial crop of tourists as harvest. In winter there are at times five hundred people on skis, skimming the frozen Schliersee in crisp air and brilliant sunshine, for winter, with its sports, brings a fresh concourse of travellers to the village. In summer the throng of them is always flowing through it, men and women, clad in the bright green cloth so popular with German mountain wanderers. Knapsack on back they tramp in and then tramp out, patronizing the hotels, the beer-gardens, the photographer, and the souvenir shops. There are electric lights, and there are motor post-wagons whirring away into the mountains; there is a "Beautifying Society of Schliersee," organized to put up benches at advantageous points for enjoying the scenery, and to institute other impedimenta to waylay the stranger, especially the romantic one. Altogether the thrifty, far-seeing villager is consequently well above want; some have retired to finish life on private incomes, for with so many enticements even the casual and wary traveller leaves a certain tithe in his wake.

EXTERIOR OF THE PEASANT THEATRE AT SCHLIERSEE

But not remotely must it be a foregone conclusion that sentiment with the na-

tive is failing. First of all in every Schlierseer the love of home and mountains is deep, and he cherishes the old traditions. The new motor post may well be today's pride, but when the last quaint, yellow post-wagon made the last journey that told of its passing, both horse and vehicle went out wreathed with flowers, put there by those whose hearts held in dear memory the joyous greetings or the sad good-byes it had marked for them.

INTERIOR OF THE PEASANT THEATRE, SHOWING THE ELABORATE AND SPECIALLY PAINTED STAGE CURTAIN

And kindness the stranger finds there, too. Should one happen at Schliersee in rainy weather, so rainy that water splashes back heavenward from pools flooding the highway, and mist in wreathes climbs desolately from the lake to rest against the mountains, there is always a warm, congenial corner, and a welcome waiting at the Hotel Wittelsbach. Its dear, motherly hostess, in a black frock, a big bunch of keys dangling at her back, invariably flutters in at just the right moment to cheerily forestall one's wants. On one such rainy afternoon, my very first there, she rescued a whole *pension* of little girls, sixty in all, brought from Munich by misguided elders for a picnic, and set them to dancing in a big, gratefully dry ballroom. Presently she found me, an absolute stranger, dismal in a corner. "There is a bedroom at the top of the stairs, go up and take a nap," she urged, "for you look tired."

I happened to be homesick, which was worse. Perhaps her motherly heart, without fully knowing, felt it. But where else would a stranger have likely had, and with no thought of payment, such invitation as a watchful mother would give to her tired boy?

This season, and after an absence from America since 1895, the village sends us its chief pride, the Schliersee Peasant Players. In Germany and Austria they are as widely known as are the actors of Oberammergau. But between the two organizations there is this great distinction: that of Oberammergau appears only at long interval in one piece, while the Schlierseer plays the year through, and with versatility in many pieces.

Except with those whose blood is stirred by census returns, statistics are an abomination, but they must be briefly touched upon to give some idea of the scope and popularity of these Peasant Players in their own land and that of their Teutonic neighbors. From the 21st of May, 1892, until March 4th of 1910, they gave five thousand presentations with a repertory of forty-seven plays, appearing in 239 towns and cities. Among these, Berlin leads in number of performances, 487 being given there; Nüremberg stands next with 436; then follow Vienna, 369; Stuttgart, 323; Munich, 276; Frankfort, 198; Zurich, 188, and Leipzic, 142, while at their home theatre at Schliersee, where the company remains annually only from the middle of July until the close of September, they have been seen on 366 occasions. The ensemble, comprising twenty-eight, is recruited not alone from Schliersee, but neighboring sections, Tegernsee, Miespach, Aschau, and elsewhere in the Bavarian Highlands. Some among them may have originally been wood-cutters, tailors, butchers; various humble callings are represented. They receive regular salaries, in instances far in excess of those paid actors at Court theatres. The Schliersee company, too, down to the family of the obscurest member, has strong hold on village interest and sympathy. A marriage in its circle means general festivity; the main street thronged with a gay procession, and a banquet to conclude with, after which every whole pair of shoes at command within the village radius, toes out in the closing dance.

There is yet another inspiring cause for local respect than their position as much travelled actors, who reflect importance upon the entire community; the more prominent players, Terofal, Dirnberger, Rail, Wagner, Schmidkonz, Schullers and the rest, have built villas which rank with the best in Schliersee, and there the souvenirs that they have gathered in many cities make brave showing. Exchanging their original lots for one more lucrative, those having children leave them behind in the care of

HERR AND FRAU VOGLSANG

THE TEROFAL FAMILY

HERR AND FRAU RIENDL

servants when the brief annual stay at home is ended. No matter how simple a rôle they may act in the cast, in private life they may assume the agreeable one of grand seigneur.

The Bavarian Highlanders are a handsome, stalwart race. The cafés of Munich and many another German city welcome them as born musicians and low comedians of no common order. The very concentration and earnestness with which one of them can draw a note from a clumsy double-bass will drive his audience into paroxysms of merriment. He does a thing as he has observed it done in his own isolated section; nature, unfamiliar, becomes originality in art with the transplanting. In just that spirit the Schliersee player on a higher plane turns to account the essence and comedy of the life which he knows best. He is an actor, not through art, but through naturalness; an observer who reproduces a thing as he has seen it in his own quaint region. Those familiar with life there recognize it instantly as truth; those viewing it with the eyes of strangers are impressed with certain knowledge of its genuineness.

When the band of players known as the Munchener was dissolved years back, Konrad Dreher, the well-known actor and a member of it, was the only remaining one upon the stage to play Bavarian Highland types. In his travels as "Guest" in North Germany, Xaver Terofal frequently accompanied him, and won recognition in folk songs and dances. One night, another actor falling ill, Terofal sustained the missing player's part, and with distinction. "Man, why don't you play comedy rôles in the mountains?" Dreher asked of him, adding as off-hand suggestion, "Get yourself a little theatre in some hotel garden."

By happy chance the Lake House at Schliersee was presently put up at sale, and with Dreher's assistance the property fell to Terofal; thus the Peasant Theatre became established. As actor-manager, Terofal succeeded in selecting the right order of talent to support him, an achievement not always distinguishing the playing impresario. Strict discipline is enjoined; Terofal himself is rarely allowed a free evening; an ambition fires each one of them, first of all in retaining on the stage the truth to life and the simplicity that have put them there.

Terofal, like his company, is of the soil. In boyhood he was apprenticed to a butcher. Coming presently to follow his calling at a hotel in Hohenaschau, and true to inborn tastes always haunting him, he embarked on a series of bi-weekly entertainments, in whose programmes he appeared in folk songs and dances. In Hohenaschau, too, he did his three-years' service as a soldier in the German army, rising to the rank of sergeant, during that time being often summoned to the officers' quarters to enliven an otherwise dull evening. In those days he learned both the zither and guitar; yodel he could always. On these gifts, by observation at the theatre, which he frequented industriously, and through the nearer glimpse of it that he obtained as co-worker with Dreher, he founded his art; a slender schooling, but one that, with routine, has carried him far in his chosen field.

The theatre at Schliersee, where Terofal and his company play, has its traditions and atmosphere dear and distinctive to the people of the village, as is the Comèdie Française to Paris. The simple building itself stands at the edge of a grove of trees; the walls within are hung with trophies, targets on which the hunters of Schliersee have shown their skill at many a Jäger-Fest. Against the gallery, extending across the back of the auditorium, rests a great laurel wreath, souvenir of the 5,000th performance; on both sides of the proscenium are portraits of the players, past and present; the stage curtain contains as central figure a good-humored caricature of Dreher himself. Down the middle of the theatre stretch tables where the audience may sup during a performance. Outside are other tables under spreading trees; there those finding a quarter past ten, when the play closes, too early an hour for bed, may sit awhile over foam-crowned mugs.

The excellence of these Schliersee peasant players lies along the lines of humor and irony, peasant traits. Subtlety and nuance they leave to portrayers of types more sophisticated. Born peasants, it is their sole aim to remain of peasant simplicity in peasant rôles. Taking familiar life about them, of which each has been an individual part, they draw from it their full resource in technic. For that reason it has been declared that while their predecessors, the Munchener players, were imitators, with the Schlierseers it is nature itself.

Mishkin

EDGAR SELWYN IN "THE ARAB"

A curious outcome of this transplanting of verity to the boards, a verity with which each player is saturated, is that no exhaustive rehearsals are required for a new piece; in two weeks their most elaborate production is ready for public view.

In one play of their repertory of forty-seven, "Jägerblut," they have appeared 757 times; another, "S'Liserl von Schliersee," they have given 638 performances; "The Crucifix Carver of Ammergau," with which the company won fame in New York on its first appearance there in September, 1895, has witnessed 410 repetitions. Yet for all these frequent repetitions, they appear to derive as inexhaustible an interest from within themselves in their creations as from the appreciation of their audiences.

The period of the Peasant Players' existence has been marked by interesting episodes, not the least of which has been the doubt, verging on distrust, that has met them on the rise of the curtain in great cities. Before the closing act, however, more than one such audience has been accredited with the decision that *régisseurs* in general would do well to make the journey to Schliersee to study how a production should be evolved. No less than four times the Schliersee company has been commanded by the German Emperor to appear at the New Royal Theatre, Berlin, in the years 1899, 1901, 1908 and 1909; while on various occasions the organization was called upon to play before the Empress Auguste Victoria, the Kings of Württemberg and Saxony, and other royalties.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

MLLE. LANTELME is dead! That delightful actress, whose lovely face has so many times been reproduced in my letters, was drowned near Cologne while on a yachting excursion up the Rhine. This pet of the public, who seemed to be the child of good fortune, died an accidental death in the flower of her age.

It was only a few weeks ago that I had the pleasure of talking to her at her home in the rue Constantine, when she told me her plans for the approaching season, and of the tour she intended to make the following season of the United States. In fact, for several months she had been applying herself to the study of English, with the idea of organizing a company and embarking to conquer new worlds, thus following the example of Sarah Bernhardt, Caruso, and other stars.

Mlle. Lantelme was the wife of M. Alfred Edwards, the founder of the big daily paper, *Le Matin*, and in his company she departed the first of July on board the Aimée with the intention of crossing Holland and go up the Rhine. Her réal name was Mathilde Fossey, and she was born in Paris in 1883. She was a student at the Conservatoire in 1903 and 1904, but did not immediately obtain the recognition to which her grace and charm seemed to give her the right.

Towards the end of the season of 1904 she made quite a success in several one-act plays on the small stage of the Theatre Royal, which was then in the rue Royal.

Photo Felix

CREATION PAQUIN

Photo Felix

CREATION CHERUIT

She was quickly engaged by the management of the Gymnase, and made a sensational début as Andrée Bouquet in Pierre Wolff's comedy "L'Age d'Aimer." During the course of that same year created at the Mathurins "Une mesure pour Rien," by André Barde, and the same day "Didi," by Maurice de Feraudy.

About that time Madame Réjane founded the Theâtre Réjane. From the beginning of this house Mlle. Lantelme was designated as one of the future stars of the organization. The opening of the Theâtre Réjane on the 15th of December, 1906, was a brilliant one, at which Tout-Paris eagerly assisted. Mlle. Lantelme, in the part of Mme. Durand, made a great success. During the early months of 1907, while at the Theâtre Réjane, she appeared as the Baronne d'Arnay de la Hutte in "Ma Cousine," by Henri Meilhac; as Suzette in "Paris-New York," by Francois de Croisset, and Emmanuel Arène, and as Simone in "Zaza."

The following year she undertook the part of Youyou in "Le Roi," so brilliantly created by Mlle Lavallière, and interpreted the rôle so perversely that she really created a new character. Then Mlle. Lantelme became the star at the Vaudeville, creating in 1910 the "Costaud des Epinettes," by Tristan Bernard and Athis, and the "Marchand de Bonheur," by Kistemaeckers. At the commencement of this year she appeared at the Renaissance as the gracious and charming Mme. Alain in "Vieil Homme," and as the heroine of Pierre Veber's "La Gamine" at the same theatre.

Mlle Lantelme, who was lively and quick at cutting repartee, had a lawsuit with Mme Réjane, whom she reproached with not allowing her to play often enough. It was only a little time ago that she had a lively epistolary encounter with M. Nozière about his criticisms, whose terseness displeased her, and also with M. Henri Bataille, in whose "Manon" she had played. Mlle. Lantelme, who was an actress of high qualities, was as spontaneous in her life as she was on the stage, and her loss is a grievous one for the stage she ornamented and the public who loved her.

In my July letter I mentioned the fact that Rembrandt's famous "Mill," owned by Lord Lansdowne, had been acquired by an American collector for the sum of 2,500,000 francs. I have just learned that this collector had the unlucky idea of having the canvas restored and to some degree modernized. While the work was going on he had the disagreeable surprise to learn that it bore the signature of Hercules Seghers, a Dutch painter born in 1589, who died in 1650, so that he was a contemporary of the great Rembrandt.

I marvel that any one could be deceived in a Rembrandt, inasmuch as that master had such an individual execution. The most competent critics are of the opinion that his technique was such that it was, so to say, materially impossible not only to analyze it, but to copy it. To verify this fact it is sufficient to go to any museum and watch the thousands of copyists who plant their easels throughout the galleries. Never does the idea come to them to try to reproduce a Rembrandt canvas.

I do not forget the fact that Rembrandt had many pupils, and that in the present case it is possible that some one of them, under his direction, made one or several copies of the famous "Mill." Even admitting this hypothesis, it is practically impossible, in view of the special talent of Rembrandt, to admit that a copy made under such conditions could ever be mistaken for the original. Rubens, or any other painter whose technique hides no secret, may be imitated. I cite Rubens because everyone knows that this great Dutch master was one whose productions were great and his method the least disguised. The Master of Antwerp was surrounded by a school of satellites. After Rubens had painted the heads and hands these disciples, under his direction, finished the costumes. Rubens was only one of many. His humorousness, his gaiety, his happiness is found on many canvases. Taking his brilliant colors from the palette, his brush produced without artifice or malice, so that even his least clever pupils could, without difficulty, complete the works outlined by the master.

Such was not the case with Rembrandt. Among all known painters the Amsterdam master was the most individual. His technique was so entirely his own. Witness the fact that no modern painter thinks of attempting to copy a Rembrandt. This acknowledged, are we to infer that Hercules Seghers, a contemporary of Rembrandt, and who may have known the master, succeeded, after studying the special

Photo Manuel CREATION REDFERN, PARIS

Gown of dark red foulard, trimmed with heavy guipure lace, girdle of emerald green liberty

Photo Felix CREATION DOEUILLET

method of Rembrandt, in making a sufficiently dexterous copy as to cause confusion? The entire question lies there.

It is for such technicians as Dr. Bohde, of Berlin, and other specialists who have made special studies of Rembrandt's work, to clear up the mystery.

As for the American owner, I consider that it was unpardonable of him to have thought of cleaning the famous "Mill," until now attributed to Rembrandt. Here was a collector who was happy to possess and proud to buy for a fabulous sum a much coveted canvas, and who, instead of contenting himself with the possession of it in the state in which it hung in the Orleans and Lansdowne Galleries, amused himself with the desire to rejuvenate the venerable canvas. Why, it would take the secrets of Ninon de Lenclos to perform such a miracle.

In every museum in the world there have been, there are, and there will be, some forged canvases. No one has forgotten the subterfuge of the famous crown of Saitapharnes at the Louvre. Then there is the discussion about the "Venus and Cupid,"

Photo Agie

SALESROOMS AT PAQUIN'S

Eggiman Pub.

attributed to Velasquez, and bought by the National Gallery of London.

The stormy discussions concerning the works of Shakespeare are fresh in the mind. Will that mystery one day be cleared up, and the world know whether the Great Will or Lord Bacon was the author?

In the end all that is of minor importance. The great question is to know if the "Mill" is a fine painting, and worthy of Rembrandt. We must believe that it is, since for more than four centuries the most competent connoisseurs have attributed it to the master.

What difference whether the "Venus and Cupid" belonging to the National Gallery is by Velasquez or not, if that canvas unites the same qualities? What difference if the incomparable works of Shakespeare were written by Lord Bacon? Will the plays be less beautiful because of that? As Shakespeare justly said: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Are there not in the United States nine thousand Corots, while the master of Barbizon, by his own avowal, painted only five thousand.

The reason for all these forgeries, if forgeries they are, lies in the high prices commanded by paintings and objects of art. Indeed, the high price was the indispensable factor. At the time when objects of art and ancient furniture sold for prices less than their original cost, what advantage could the forger find in imitating them?

Who would have thought of making Boule furniture, when at the Villers sale in 1812 one could procure for 1,661 francs splendid pieces with blue marble covers, with the three doors carrying bas reliefs in bronze, representing Apollo and Marsyas on the centre panel, and the four seasons on the side one? So long as the difference between the intrinsic price of the object and its value as a curiosity did not increase, the imitators attempted only those copies which were easy to counterfeit, for they could not afford the cost of the work, nor use expensive and rare materials. But the day when the artistic value surpassed a hundred times that of the reproduction, as is the case today for almost every antique object, the field was wide open to the counterfeiters. Here are a few examples of the increase in prices:

"The Escalade and the Cruche Cassee," by Debucourt, brought, at the Descloux sale in 1889, 5,500 francs, and now is valued at 32,000 francs. Two little pictures by Leprince, "Le Depart" and "L'Arrivée de la Diligence," sold for 12,200 francs at the Miallet sale in 1902, and a short time ago, at the Muhlbacher sale, they brought 22,500 francs. "Le Promenade," a drawing by Moreau le Jeune, cost 5,100 francs at the Guyot de Villeneuve sale in 1900, and it realized 15,000 francs at that of Muhlbacher. In 1906, at the sale of the Comte d'Yanville collection, a bust of Louis XIV in *pâtre tendre*, by Mermecy, brought 42,500 francs, which had been sold in 1887 for 700 francs. Only lately, at the Crosnier sale, a drawing by Fragonard, called "Le Verrou," brought 29,500 francs, while at the Jourdan sale, during the Second Empire, it sold for 80 francs. A thousand such examples could be enumerated.

Among the best-known forgeries of antiquities in the European museums, some of them discovered by M. Furtwangler, a learned German, are the following:

The head of a woman, larger than nature supposed to date from the last period of archaic art, and bought by the Berlin Museum in 1898, but made at Rome some years previously. Nothing was lacking; the cracked marble, artful mutilations of the neck. As was the case with Rembrandt's "Mill," the cleaning of the figure made the fraud visible to all eyes.

Take the case of the head of Hera at the British Museum, admirably imitated by the aid of acids. It was the same thing with the marbles in the Torlonia Museum at Rome, where the corrosive action of time was so imitated as to deceive even the initiated, which was also the case with "The Athlete" in the Jacobson collection at Copenhagen.

Even the American custom house duties have been made to play into the hands of these merchants of spurious art objects, as a recent event well illustrates. A London picture dealer ordered from a needy painter a drinking scene executed after the Flemish school. A perfect picture was delivered, even to the signature of Jan Steen, and the date 1672. The dealer examined it, declared himself satisfied, and, after having paid the artist, said to him:

"Your picture is so good that I do not see why you did not sign it yourself."

Much flattered, the painter quickly painted out the signature of Jan Steen, and over it painted his own. Three weeks later the picture was sent to New York. At the same time an anonymous letter was sent to the New York custom house, advising them of the intention to defraud the government by means of a picture signed by an unknown artist, but which was really a masterpiece of the Dutch school valued at 200,000 francs. The custom house authorities called in experts, who washed off the layer of paint, on which was the name of the real painter, and discovered the original name underneath. The English dealer was forced to pay an indemnity of 50 per cent., that is, 100,000 francs, plus the duties of 20 per cent., a total of 140,000 francs. The painting having thus been authenticated by the custom house experts as a Jan Steen, was sold three days later for 250,000 francs, which still left a pretty profit for the dealer.

From all this the conclusion may be drawn that in matters of art, and above all of antiques, no one is infallible, and that every buyer, even the millionaires, should remember the remark of the King of Italy, who, having escaped the poignard of an assassin, said: "There are risks in all trades."

PETRONIUS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The above article is the second in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine.

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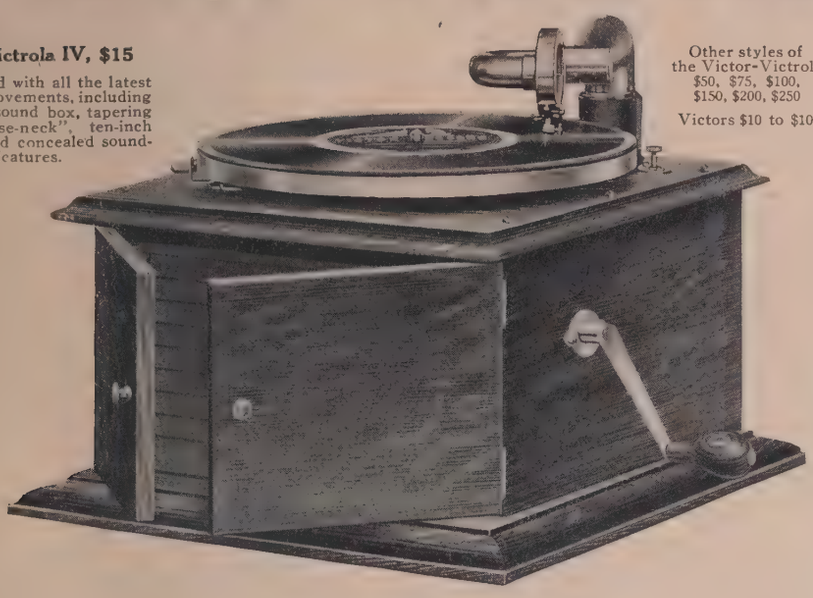

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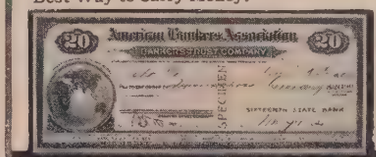

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Lewis Waller—England's Foremost Romantic Actor

(*Continued from page* 132)

which he has impersonated, Mr. Waller regards Brutus as his favorite. "My reason for this selection," he says, "is that Brutus appeals to me as the most perfect man in the whole gallery of the great Shakespearian characters, on account of his dignity and gentleness, his absolute sense of right and duty, his tenderness, and the love he bore to Portia. Were I, however, to consider the matter from the actor's point of view, of playing the part for a run, I should be inclined to select Othello, or Henry V, for the reason that they are greater acting parts. On the other hand, there are certain parts which make a very great appeal to me, although I have not yet had an opportunity to act them. Among them are Macbeth, Coriolanus and Hamlet, in all of which I certainly hope to appear.

"Apart from the classical drama, M. Beaucaire is my favorite on account of his many delightful characteristics, his chivalry towards women, his humor, his wit, and his general brilliancy, all of which give the actor great opportunities for the display of his art."

In addition to the rôle of Androvsky, the monk who awakes from the quiet and peace of a monastery to a life of passionate romance, Mr. Waller may also be seen in a repertoire comprising his finest interpretations of classical, modern and romantic parts. J. G. P.

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Victor Records

No one need be without the very best music in these days of the Victor, for with one of these instruments it is always right at hand, and the new list of records issued every month makes it a source of perpetual delight. The Victor records for October have just been issued, and whether you prefer grand opera or ragtime, instrumental solos or band selections, comic specialties or gospel hymns, you'll find just what you want, for there is variety enough to suit every taste.

Two gospel hymns of great popularity, "I Love to Tell the Story" and "The King's Business," are beautifully sung by Trinity Choir. Reinald Werrenrath gives a vigorous rendition of the English version of the German air, "The Watch on the Rhine," and Reed Miller sings with refreshing clearness the popular Italian folk-song, "Santa Lucia." The beautiful Brahms lullaby is charmingly sung by Elizabeth Wheeler; "Haying Time," a tuneful song of Indian summer, is sweetly caroled by the "That Girl" Quartet; Collins and Harlan sing an amusing ditty, "Good Bye, Old Gal;" and Walter Van Brunt sings in his usual clever style a popular ballad entitled, "That Was Before I Met You."

The Red Seal offerings include the beautiful David air, "Thou Brilliant Bird," from the "Pearl of Brazil," sung by Luisa Tetrazzini, and this famous colorature number shows to rare advantage the purity of her tones, especially in the duet with the flute, and the difficult runs are given with perfect ease. Alma Gluck sings two numbers successfully used in her concerts, a brilliant "Nightingale's Passion Song," and a dainty little shepherd song, which is the gem of a Russian opera, "The Snow Maiden." Riccardo Martin sings superbly the difficult tenor air from Massenet's "Le Cid," giving it in the original key, which is a crucial test for any tenor. Mischa Elman gives a delightful violin rendition of a famous old "Rigaudon," by Monsigny; G. Mario Sammarco sings Rigoletto's great denunciation: Jeanne Gerville-Reache gives a dramatic rendition of a slave girl's song from a Masse opera; and Nicola Zerola contributes two splendid "Pagliacci" airs.

Bernhardt in Picture Film

A cable dispatch to the *New York Times* from Paris says that Sarah Bernhardt has at last been conquered by the tempting offers of a cinematograph firm, and has given the operators an opportunity of making records of her magnificent histrionic powers. The piece which the great actress selected was her greatest success, "Camille," a special adaptation having been prepared for the purpose. In order to obtain the fullest dramatic effect in her acting, Bernhardt spoke all the words as if to an audience.

Geraldine Farrar's concert tour opens in Albany, October 2.

The Greatest Scandinavian Hamlet

(Continued from page 131)

certainly the foremost tragedian, that Sweden has produced. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Theatre, in Stockholm. After an apprenticeship there of six years, it was found that he was not physically fit for the labors entailed at this playhouse, where the "grand style" of acting was in vogue. He was not strong constitutionally, had an ungainly figure, and was troubled with a highly-pitched voice. The youth did not flinch or despair, for he was determined to devote his life to the interpretation of the classic drama—of Shakespeare, in particular—and he knew that the divine fire was his. He went forthwith to a little stock company under the direction of an old actor: here he toiled for eight bitter years, enacting over two hundred rôles. At the end of this period he had overcome his physical frailties.

He was twenty-seven when he returned to the Royal Theatre for his début. The piece was "Hamlet." Even his friends were in troubled doubt as to the outcome of the venture, for the young tragedian was comparatively unknown. But Swartz won the night; and with his presentment of Hamlet there began a new epoch in the histrionic art of Sweden. In this player the auditors missed the rant they had become accustomed to hear in the sentimental melodramas of Kotzebue and his school.

Swartz was now a master of stage-technic; his voice was clear and pleasing, his bearing firm and graceful, and the sweet fortitude with which he had met his tribulations gave to his embodiment—

"That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite."

The Swede was a great Hamlet, like Booth, chiefly by virtue of his nobility of character and purity of life. "Booth seemed to live Hamlet rather than to act it," says Mrs. Winter. "He *was* Hamlet; he was not playing him," wrote of Swartz the leading dramatic critic of Stockholm.

The Swedish actor played a number of comedy parts successfully, but he was essentially a tragedian. Some notion of his versatility may be gathered from a recounting of his most important rôles: Shakespeare's Hamlet, Iago, Leontes, Timon, Bassanio, Richard II, and Richard III; Schiller's Dunois and Fiesco; the title parts in Molière's "Tartuffe," Goethe's "Egmont," and Byron's "Sardanapalus;" Rochester in the German actress,' Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's, dramatization of "Jane Eyre;" Ornulf in "The Vikings at Helgeland;" Maxime in Octave Feuillet's "le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre;" and Gustavus Vasa in Frans Hedberg's "Dagen gryr" (The Day Dawns).

Edvard Mauritz Swartz was born in 1826 in Stockholm. On the fiftieth anniversary of his birth the Swedish Academy awarded him a prize medal in recognition of his devotion to the higher drama of his own and other countries. Five years later he took farewell of the theatre. His health, never robust, was beginning to fail; he did not want it said of him:

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

The tragedian's interest, however, in the contemporary art of the theatre did not end with his retirement, and his accomplished wife remained on the stage. He died in December, 1897.

"There is nothing," wrote the most famous of Danish story-tellers, "which can dwarf the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage, except her own personal character at home." Andersen's ardent words may as fittingly be applied to Edvard Swartz as to his illustrious countrywoman. It was of Marie Dorval that Théophile Gautier once said: "She has been a woman, where others would have rested content with being actresses." The keynote of the artistic career of the greatest of Scandinavian Hamlets cannot better be expressed, I fancy, than it is in a sentence by the distinguished clergyman and lecturer, Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, who in an address some time since remarked that "the power of a dramatic artist is in the leadership of character."

ARTHUR SWAN.

The Drama Players is the name of a new organization which the Shuberts will manage, and of which Donald Robertson is the director. It is the result of a movement in Chicago for the preservation of the best dramatic standard. The first performance by the company will take place in Baltimore, October 30.

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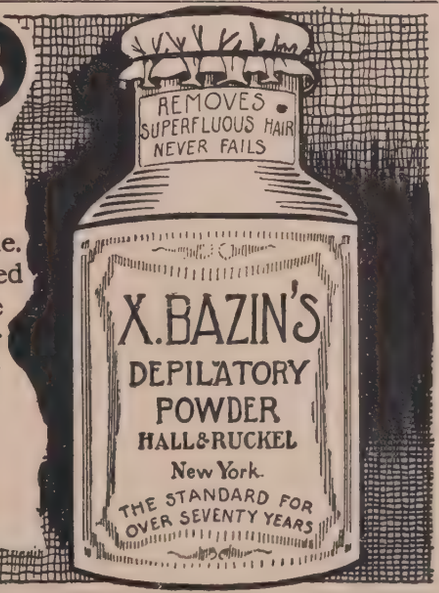

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian Monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French courts to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald, June* 20, 1911.

Grievances of a Deadhead

(*Continued from page* 121)

intimately enough to prefer your request in this offhand sort of way. Blank nods acquiescence, and may write you a pass there and then. More likely he will say, "Come around about eight o'clock and I'll take care of you," or "I'll leave them for you in the box-office and you can get them to-night."

Now, anybody experienced in deadheading knows that nothing in theatredom is more elusive than either one of these two promises—except the other one. When you go to the theatre at eight o'clock the person who was to "take care of you" is not to be found. It is only what you expected, but you hang about the lobby, get in the way of people coming in, peep into the box-office—where there is only the busy ticket-seller at the window, and a well-groomed, but forbidding, personage you don't know sitting behind him—ask the tall man in evening clothes who is taking tickets at the door whether he has seen Mr. Blank, to which the tall man returns a negative grunt without looking up, get in more people's way, and at last, after waiting till half-past eight, when the curtain rises, give it up and go away, musing profanely.

If your tickets were to have been left at the box-office, you fall in line and work your way up to the window in your turn. Hoping for the best, you are prepared for the worst. The latter is what you get, in all probability. You see the ticket-seller's face harden as you ask if there is "anything there for Mr. D. Head." He does not like to stop taking money, and he shows it. However, he runs two fingers and an eye up and down the rack at the side of the window with professional celerity. Then he announces coldly: "Nothing for Mr. Head."

That is all. The worst mistake you can make now is to stand hesitating at the window, wondering why Blank did not keep his word. The ticket-seller glares at you, and the special officer in the lobby, with his hand on the brass railing, tells you to "Pass along, please. Don't block the window." You are hustled away to make room for the next person in line, who has a five-dollar bill in his hand, and if you don't feel cheap and murderously inclined toward Blank, it is because experience has made you callous.

In justice to Blank, it must be admitted that he does not always disappoint you. Sometimes he *is* in the lobby at eight o'clock and *does* "take care of you." And it may fall out that he remembered to leave your tickets at the box-office as he said he would.

In the former case Blank fishes out seat-coupons for you from a bunch he carries, held together by a rubber band, in his waistcoat pocket. He is all smiles and good-fellowship, and probably slaps you on the back and calls you "Old man!" as he waves you past the door-keeper. Or you have found your pass and coupons in an envelope at the box-office, which the ticket-seller has handed to you in silence and with an expression that says: "You wouldn't have got 'em if *I'd* had anything to say about it." You don't care for that, however; its none of his business, anyhow.

With your faith in human nature at concert pitch, you march to the door triumphant. The ticket-taker immediately takes you down a peg or two. He gives you a reproachful stare as you hand in your pass, and reads it with ostentatious care, as if he rather suspected it of being a forgery. But your years of deadheading have accustomed you to the scorn of doorkeepers, and, disregarding him, you push your way in. As you give your coupons to the head usher, he sees that they have been punched, and instantly he knows you for what you are. So it is with a shade more than the usual professional abruptness that he points over his shoulder, with "Last aisle to the right!" and dismisses you as if you were an office boy in disgrace.

As I have said, I am a deadhead. I have been one for a very long time, and, accepting it as an axiom that "Once a deadhead, always a deadhead," I suppose I shall continue to be one while my theatre-going days last. But there *are* times—when Blank has failed me, when the box-office man and ticket-taker have been particularly offensive, and when, on several successive occasions, I have been stuck behind a post or been compelled to sit in a more than usually powerful hurricane—when I think it might be more satisfactory, on the whole, to eschew passes, pay for such tickets as I want and select my own seats.

Yes, it *might*. But it is hard to change old habits.

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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 117)

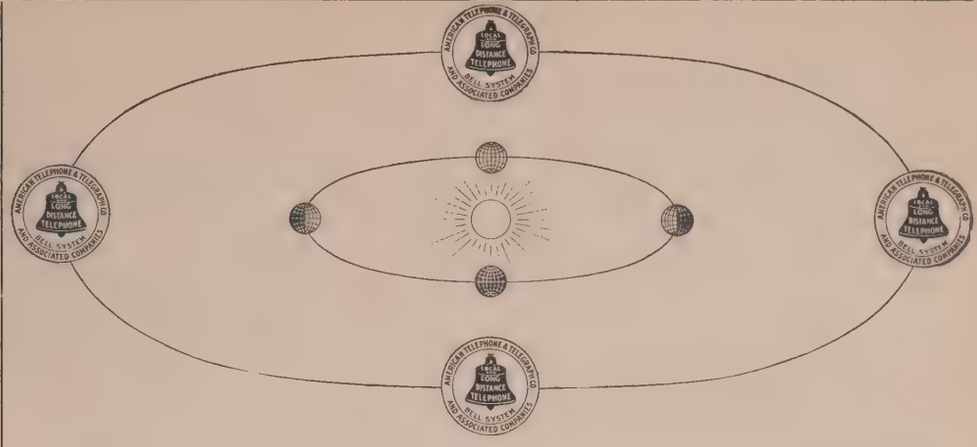
to propose to her a bottle of wine at a supper before coming had been a little too much for him. With the disadvantage of slight intoxication he puts through his serious purpose without indelicacy. It was a scene in which Mr. Frederic Truesdell manifested rare tact and skill. Miss Stahl shared, of course, in the drollery of this scene. Maggie's many scenes of tribulation did not admit of the constant use of her pithy sayings, but there were abundant opportunities for them, particularly in the first act. Miss Stahl has her own methods. She is deliberate and clear in utterance and gives value to every line. There is character in everything she does, and her personality prevails in every situation. Mr. Klein has been very successful with his types. A traveling salesman furnishes much amusement. The girls in the shop are true to life. The cast is an exceedingly effective one. The play is overweighted with melodrama.

CRITERION. "PASSERS-BY." Play in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced Sept. 14 with this cast:

Mr. Peter Waverton, Richard Bennett; Pine, Julian Royce; "Nighty," A. G. Andrews; Samuel Burns, Ernest Lawford; Margaret Summers, Louise Rutter; The Lady Hurley, Ivy Herzog; Miss Beatrice Dainton, Rosalie Toller; Little Peter, Baby Davis or Baby Smith.

The newness and quaintness, in many particulars, of "Passers-By," the work of C. Haddon Chambers, is a relief from the indifferent quality and inadequacy of many of the plays which have preceded it in the opening of the season. To say that it is wholly delightful would be too complaisant an expression of appreciation. The plot involving a few principal characters is nothing more than a paraphrase of familiar dramatic material, but the spirit of it and the incidental are primitively innocent and wholesome. The long arm of common sense might be disposed at times to thrust aside some of the incidents and complications brought into the action by the long arm of coincidence, but the naïve primitiveness of the people reconciles us to everything.

A well-to-do bachelor finds his butler entertaining a cabman whom he has called up from the passers-by. Much alone in the house, it is his custom to find companionship in this way. The master of the house gives attention to the apologies and explanation of the butler and accepts his philosophy. He sends out for the first passer-by, who proves to be a homeless character whose roof is the sky. This derelict is distinctly of the kind to be found in London, not here. He regards himself as nobody and is surprised when addressed as a human being. "Me, Mister?" He is fed, and, careful of the immediate future, bestows the remnants of the food in miscellaneous pockets. He belongs to the submerged. His mind is undeveloped. He does not know himself after he has had a forced bath and had his hair cut. His existence in the play is justified presently, but, as little as he has to do, the derelict, as played by Ernest Lawford, gives to the play its chief novelty and entertainment. The second character brought into the house by reason of the sudden impulse of charity and fellowship is a veiled woman found in a fainting condition on the doorstep. The bachelor recognizes her. They were friends a few years agone. They were more than this. She had been the governess in his step-sister's family. During his absence from home she had been dismissed, his letters to her had been intercepted. She has a boy six years old. It is their boy. Such things happen in drama; but she is, in a sense, undramatic enough to relieve him of all obligations when she learns that he is engaged to be married. Here certainly is a character as original in her views of life as the derelict, and as British. Why British? Let us conjecture that it is from that pervasive sense of relative social inferiority cultivated on John Bull's island, and pass it by. She refuses to listen to his suggestion for reparation, saying that she, too, is engaged. To whom? To Henry Robinson. Eventually we learn that this is an amiable lie. Henry Robinson does not exist. The bachelor's fiancée discovers the situation, finds that the two are constant in their love, and by renouncing her claims, contrives to bring them together, so that legal sanction may cover the past, the present and the future. The fiancée is charmingly gracious and graceful in her part of the transaction. Miss Rosalie Toller, in her acting, carries out the spirit of the play admirably. She does not moralize. She goes about her work of bringing about justice and happiness with joy, and not in tears. She finally discloses to the bachelor,



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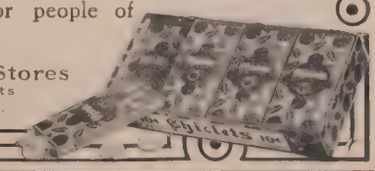

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as a conclusive argument, that there is no Henry Robinson. These are unusual people. They pass through fire unscathed. They rise up through water untouched, as they do at the Hippodrome. The simplicity of it all is lovely and overpowering. Still, even with this decided newness in the treatment, this old paraphrased story would not arrest the attention. We have seen that the derelict has no complaint to make against society.

The philosophy of the play seems to be that there is nothing wrong with the world, and that, with the chance, everybody will do the right thing, fiancées in particular. The tone and the incidental things in the play make it agreeable. The bachelor wants to see his boy; she, feeling her exclusive proprietorship, hesitates, but goes at once to bring him when his father suggests that she is unwilling to show him because he is ugly. The scene of the bachelor with his boy is amusing. He does not know how to handle children. He lifts him about as if he were a piece of gingerbread. Scenes of this kind, serious as well as comical, give the piece its tone. It is a tone-piece. Its third act and a number of passages in the play are tedious. The derelict steals the boy, but merely for a day's companionship. The arrested suspense in regard to this interferes with the action, that is now resumed as to the relations between the bachelor and the boy's mother. The handling of the action generally seems to require some readjustment somewhere along here. There are at least twenty minutes of tediousness which Mr. Chambers should be able to lay his finger on and eliminate. The play can be shortened a bit. Mr. Richard Bennett is a little too hard for the character, or the character is a little too hard for him. But he marries the mother of his boy. The cast is small, and it is not the usual experience to find, as in this performance, every part played with notable excellence.

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REPUBLIC. "The Woman." Play in three acts by William C. De Mille. Produced September 19 with this cast:

Jim Blake, John W. Cope; Tom, Harold Vosburgh; Mark Robertson, Edwin Holt; Grace, Jane Peyton; Matthew Standish, Cuyler Hastings; Ralph Van Dyke, Carleton Macy; Silas Gregg, Stephen Fitzpatrick; Tim Neligan, William Holden; Wanda Kelly, Mary Nash.

To bring to success in production an inconsequential play, with an ending which has no bearing whatever upon its theme, is an achievement. The theme of Mr. William C. De Mille's play, "The Woman," is political graft among representatives in Congress; the play itself is about something else. The least considered, the least powerful character in the action, the telephone girl at the switchboard in a hotel, soon attracts, absorbs and retains to the end the only sympathetic interest of the audience. She saves a woman from public scandal. In doing this she refuses a bribe in money, faces the danger of imprisonment for a year, disgrace, and the loss of her sweetheart, the last alternative involving much more than mere sentiment. In saving the woman and in daring sacrifice she defeats the bill of the grafters.

The interest, then, is defined by the problem which sums up the object of the play in the only proposition that can be framed for it: will the telephone girl, by saving a woman, defeat the bill and win her own happiness? Of course, this makes a play, a most interesting play, but it is plain that the initial idea of the play had nothing to do with political corruption. There is not the slightest trace of any sentiment against graft in the play. Not one character utters a word that can be taken seriously, or does anything to stem this tide of evil, which may or may not exist to any considerable extent at Washington. It is true that the Hon. Matthew Standish, an Insurgent Representative, is trying to defeat the bill, but, in appearance, in manner, in every way, he seems to conform to the description of the Reformer, as sincerely believed by every political rascal and as made by one of the characters, "a rascal out of a job." He is not out of a job, but the dramatist has failed to impress us with his honesty. Granting that he is honest, his fight is too indirectly directed against the bill to give him validity as a representative of the decent elements of our society. He is threatened at the outset of the action with the exposure of something in his past life which will disgrace him. He laughs at this threat, for his life had been irreproachable, except for one incident, which he thought would never become known. He had registered at a hotel with a woman as man and wife. The grafters only need to find the woman. They know he will telephone to her and advise her of the danger. The telephone girl learns who the woman is. She is the wife of Robertson, the Representative from New

York, and the daughter of Blake, the Representative from Illinois, and the sister of the youth whom she loves.

The ensuing complications and situations, some of which have been indicated, are almost obvious. The woman finally confesses to her father and to her husband. They forgive her, not because they have that generous nature which is supposed to belong to grafters, just as it may be characteristic of some thugs and murderers to "be good to mother," not because they have been chastened, but because they cannot put the bill through without being disgraced socially.

The characters are all distinctly of the times, however old some of the situations may be, and Mr. Belasco has made living types of them. His staging and his attention to detail is masterly. In this production he assuredly holds his supremacy. He puts his touch on everything and makes it his own. In this play he gives a section of a hotel lobby that is complete in its illusive reproduction, with its marble walls, its telephone switchboard, the political "Amen corner," its upholstered furniture, its telephone booths, in which the electric bulb indicates use; its uniformed boys paging guests, and every minute, essential detail. Each type of representative is marked, each actor absolutely adapted to the desired impression. He seems never to fail in selecting his people. Miss Jane Peyton fails in impressiveness, but the character is a hopeless one and cannot be supplied with any emotion that could reach the public. In Mary Nash, the telephone girl, however, he made a selection worthy of his powers of divination. Telephone talks have become the inevitable things in plays of the day, but it is bettered into novelty here. Human destinies are controlled or affected by a switchboard, and the girl who operates it, not exactly pretty, has a speaking eye, an intelligence and an archness that enable her to weigh down all the others and leave them dangling in the air. Apart from Mr. Belasco's production, Miss Mary Nash alone makes the play worth while.

WEBER'S. "A MAN OF HONOR." Play in three acts by Isaac Landman. Produced September 14 with this cast:

Judge Amos Kingsley, Edmund Breese; Richard Kingsley, Hans Robert; Geraldine Kingsley, Muriel Starr; Porter Kingsley, Ben Johnson; Sylvia Kingsley, Fay Wallace; William Price, Ralph Delmore; Burton Wills, Edward H. Robins; Court Attendant, Hermann Korn.

A play of platitudes, almost unrelieved by either comedy, romance or wit, and having an abrupt and rather tame ending, is "A Man of Honor," in which, at Weber's Theatre, Edmund Breese stands at full artistic stature as a star. In spite of the serious limitations mentioned, the work is effective through sheer force of sincerity in the handling of a big topic of present-day interest, and possessing inherent dramatic elements. Considered as the first attempt of its author, Rabbi Isaac Landman, at play-writing, it is a work of unusual promise and not a little achievement.

It is located in Montana, where political and other conditions, and the people themselves, have not been as yet smoothed down to inanity. Judge Kingsley is a man of worthy ambition and unalterable integrity; but he is a widower, and has well-nigh ruined his grown-up son and daughter by the lavish indulgence which is one form of neglect. So it comes about that when he is ready to hand down an anti-trust decision involving $10,000,000, and which will assure him the nomination for Governor, to say nothing of a United States Senatorship later on, he is suddenly confronted by a "practical politician" who demands a compromise in favor of the corporation, or he will expose the Judge's son as a thieving associate of these same malefactors of great wealth. The boy is indeed guilty, and an abject moral coward. The Judge's own brother counsels a sacrifice of principle to expediency, and his daughter joins her plea to that of her erring brother. But the Judge stands firm in his heroic rôle of the Roman father. He defies the politician, tells his son to be a man and pay his gambling debts by going to jail if there is no other way (of course, there will be), and hands down his decision giving the iniquitous the limit of the law. This confounds the schemers and set the public wild with enthusiasm. But when they come to hand Judge Kingsley the gubernatorial nomination on a gold-lined platter he pays his own sacrificial price in announcing that he is out of politics forever.

Mr. Breese, as the upright Judge, carries himself with fine restraint and dignity, to let out the full force of passion in the scene where his son turns upon him with reproach that the parent himself is to blame for the youth's growing up a selfish weakling. Ralph Delmore is easily the most sinister and corrupt politician of the modern stage. Ben Johnson, as the Judge's worldly brother, and Hans Robert, as the spoilt son, are emphatically "in the picture." The ladies of the cast are sufficiently vivacious and pretty.

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COMEDY. "SPEED." Comedy in three acts by Lee Wilson Dodd. Produced September 9 with this cast:

Edwin Wise Jessup, Orrin Johnson; Victoria, Oza Waldrop; Wizzy, Thomas R. Tobin, Jr.; Caroline Taylor, Elise Scott; Billy Podmore, Sidney Greenstreet; Mrs. Podmore, Lela Lee; Frank Quimby Gray, Eric Blind; Martha, Eleanor Hicks; Larry, Frank Broder; Constable, Joseph Buckley; Bill Green, John M. Stahl.

Our young dramatists are busying themselves with the material that lies about them, and no longer leave it to the initiative of the foreign stage. It may easily happen, however, that too much haste may be had in the pre-empting of obvious opportunities. A flying machine play failed because it was not properly geared up. Other plays on new subjects have been launched too soon. A score of suffragette plays have been seeking production, and the cry for novelty is spurring our writers on. Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd's "Speed" is the first exclusively "automobile comedy" to be set going. It is very slight, but clever. One feels that it lacks substance and purpose. It has both, but the treatment is flippant, leaving the unsatisfactory impression of a satire on speed-mad people who in themselves are wholly uninteresting. One reason for this is that the play is simply an episode made up of amusing incidents and a succession of small episodes. Its story or plot is almost devoid of dramatic force, for it concerns only the incidents of the mania for riding at top speed and the final purchase of a new automobile of higher power to replace one destroyed in a joy ride. These incidents are animated. A young lawyer and his wife are living contentedly at their suburban home, comfortable in the economies that they practice in view of future prosperity. They have a visit from a friend a modern Lady Gay Spanker, with reference to the automobile, who, with her description of the advantages and pleasures afforded by a machine, inspires them with the desire to taste of the delirium. It is a capital scene in which the two fall upon the idea of using the money in their boy's saving bank. They consult catalogues and find that twelve hundred dollars will answer. They buy the machine. The wife finds that the new freedom of life invites flirtations. One of her fat friends, who should know better, makes advances, whereupon she is properly and virtuously indignant. For one minute we like her But it is only an episode. Nothing matters in automobile circles, we may assume. The chauffeur takes the servant, a gawky type of a girl convenient for comedy, but not one likely to be employed in sensible households, on a joy ride, and the two are dragged back by the constable, all battered up from the demolition of the machine in a smash-up. The young couple are running into debt, and, with a mortgage on the house, are about to be dispossessed when by a lucky speculation the husband makes sixty thousand dollars, with which they pay off their debts, or are enabled to go deeper into debt, and forthwith buy the best automobile in the market, being now fully informed as to their respective merits. They leave to take their first spin in it, their boy comes into the vacant room, desolate and deserted, and that is the end. This last note is sympathetic and significant. It has been demonstrated that the speed mania destroys the sense of home. This is a general truth, perhaps, but it leaves the play fragmentary. The story is hardly complete. There is no specific ending as to the two people. The wife is delightfully played by Miss Oza Waldrop, but the wife is such a silly fool that it is only the charm of the actress that reconciles us to her in any way. Mr. Orrin Johnson is a very capable actor, but he is not the type for such a volatile husband. The play itself is shallow, but the scenes are acted and managed with such minute knowledge of effect that they make a notable achievement of the production in the matter of detail.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE SIREN." Musical play in three acts by Leo Stein and A. M. Willner. Music by Leo Fall. English version by Harry B. Smith. Produced on August 28 with the following cast:

Baron Siegfried Bazilos, Frank Moulan; Clarisse, Elizabeth Firth; Grion, Gilbert Childs; Armand Marquis De Ravaillac, Donald Brian; Malipote, F. Pope Stamper; Lolotte, Julia Sanderson; Hanibal Beckmesser, Will West; Frau Eisenbehr, Florence Morrison; Alberta, Gene Cole; Toni, Ethel Kelly; Magda, Louise Donovan; Robertine, Veronique Banner; Freda, Ethel Davis; Ladislas, Victor Le Roy.

A Viennese operetta in a Broadway production in New York is the modern beau ideal of light musical entertainment. Let us say at once that the ideal is reasonably well achieved in the latest of Charles Frohman's annual offerings in this line at the Knickerbocker Theatre, "The Siren," with music of the genuine "Dollar Princess" and "Arcadians" brand by Leo Fall. When it is added that Donald Brian waltzes through the piece with Julia Sanderson in his best "Merry Widow" form, and that Frank Moulan and Will West act as foils in their respective broader comic

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veins, the immediate popularity of "The Siren" is accounted for. This is taking for granted, as it is safe to do under the circumstances, an augmented orchestra of real quality and a dazzling chorus of beautifully gowned girls and richly uniformed men.

Lest anyone should think this a premature announcement of the millenium, one or two of the obvious, and perhaps to-be-expected, shortcomings of "The Siren" must be noticed.

The Minister of Police might go through the "book" with all his sleuths and sirens and he would find it innocent of any real plot. Worst of all, the lyrics bristle with unsingable words and phrases that ill accord with Fall's exquisite melodies, and must seriously handicap the singers. The "Waltz Caprice" duet, however, is an *entrainant* number that cannot be queered, and "Wallflower" has a quiet charm of its own. West's comic song, "I Want to Sing in Opera," has the air of being "his own stuff," it is so pat and in character, as contrasted with certain others of the dozen or more lyrical sugar-plums sown through the three acts.

Taken for all in all, "The Siren" is a refined and innocuous musical play de luxe, in which Broadway may take pride as a probable season-through attraction.

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BIJOU. "MODERN MARRIAGE." Comedy in 3 acts by Harrison Rhoades. Produced Sept. 16 with this cast:

Nelson Fairchild, Henry Dodd; Thomas, John Rogers; Perkins, Henry Dornton; Mrs. Gibson, Loretta Wells; Miss Fanny Thornton, Olive May; Daisie Clifford, Rene Kelly; William Clifford, Percy Ames; Max Fisher, Albert Gran; Victoria Fairchild, Emily Stevens; Mrs. Van Orten, Catherine Calhoun; Cornelius Allen, Cyril Scott; Alice Woods, Edna McClure; Miss White, Margaret Seddon.

"Modern Marriage" is based on an idea promotive of infinite comedy. The change of locality in the adaptation is of small consequence, atmosphere not being absolutely essential to impossible happenings. What we see and hear is true enough and comic enough, but not in all the annals of the book trade has ever an old maid consented to let a young man pose as the author of the most successful book of the season for any purpose whatever, when that book represents her highest endeavor and deepest convictions. But audiences are not prosaic enough to mind a little thing of this kind. The German dramatist was not concerned about facts, real facts. He manufactured his own facts. Consequently, the play is not about modern marriage as it is, but about what would happen in given circumstances. The girl marries the man because she thinks he is a great author, and because in the little red book he proclaims the new order of things in which the wife is permitted entire freedom of conduct. The husband can also do as he pleases. There is to be no jealousy. She remains away from home all night, the husband, having no reason to doubt her, making no protest. He pretends, however, that he too had spent the night away from home. The trouble begins. He invites attractive women of advanced thought to visit him. When he is surrounded by these admiring females, she becomes furious. He finally confesses to her that he did not write the book. She falters in her admiration for him, but is finally subdued to his real way of thinking. The conventionalities are restored. It really makes no difference. Victoria loves Cornelius, and Cornelius loves Victoria, and problems and philosophies may go hang. This is no problem comedy. It may be that we must infer that the exercise of advanced rights of woman excludes the exercise of any rights by man, and that no woman is going to let her husband stay away from home of nights, even if he can show a clear bill of conduct. The play has no breadth in its action. It plays upon a condition of affairs. The scenes are amusing by virtue of the vivacity of the wife's jealousy, and by means of the suave method of the husband in meeting the various emergencies. The wife is entirely satisfied to revise her point of view when she sees that the real author of the little red book is an unprepossessing spinster. Cyril Scott and Miss Emily Stevens, the two principals, carry the piece. Miss Rene Kelly, as the sister of the wife, is personally very attractive, and Miss Olive May and others contribute incidents that were much needed to give the semblance of variety to a thin action. Miss Emily Stevens plays with spirit and definite intellectual expression which, added to an undeniable personal charm, make her admirable. Mr. Cyril Scott, gracious and unperturbed in spirit, sure of the means to be employed by the character he is acting, arrives at the most desirable quality in all acting of not seeming to act. To these two the play will owe whatever prosperity may attend the continued production of "Modern Marriage."

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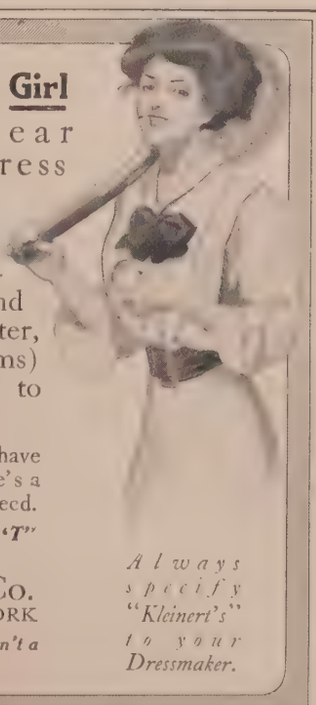

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I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers, 26 West 33d Street, New York

HIPPODROME. The Hippodrome opened the season on September 2 with "Around the World," a new spectacular production in three acts and many gorgeous scenes. With each year the Hippodrome seems to excel its previous performances. This effect is gained, of course, by the long period of preparation for the new production and the world-wide search for novel ideas. Indeed, otherwise the unintermittent popularity of the Hippodrome could not be sustained. The effects in scenery, in distance, depth and height, and light and shade, clouds and storm and other effects impossible to the ordinary theatre enable the Hippodrome to occupy a field all its own. Mere bigness of spectacle would soon tire the public, so that the success of the venture must be attributed to personal and artistic qualities. This season's spectacle takes the spectator around the world. Incidental to the trip a drama is unfolded, which requires no telling here, for the lack of space if for no other reason. When an eccentric millionaire purchases a diamond against the warning of the Swami, has it stolen from him and searches the world over for its recovery, he must have many adventures and see strange sights. If we accompany him, starting out on his own private yacht with him and enjoying this exceptional hospitality, we are privileged to see more than the ordinary Cook's tourist. At a garden party at Windsor Castle we witness a Maypole dance, and become acquainted with every delectable type of Englishman. Transported to Switzerland, we first have the dawn rise and disclose an Alpine shepherd on the top of a peak, with his yodle that sounds loud and clear. The illusion of distance and of reality in the beauty of the mountains is extraordinary. It is at this point that "Slippery Bill" escapes with the diamond and gives us the incentive to follow on. Daybreak in the desert reveals the Sphinx, and we have to do with Bedouins, Berbers, Arab musicians, donkey boys, camels and their drivers, and passing caravans. We hear the Muezzin call. There is a sudden battle on horseback. Whatever its occasion, the millionaire is abducted. As a result of this there is a terrific sandstorm, in which trees are torn up by the roots and are seen sailing away. At Constantinople we are privileged to visit the Harem and witness the dance of the Nautch Girls. Marcelline selects his girl, but without satisfactory results to him. In India we see the Durbar. Not to speak of elephants and other animals, the stage of the Hippodrome is filled and emptied and filled again with the Hindu soldiers, Goorkhas, Maharajas, dancing girls, English lancers, Hindu magicians and other types. The Brothers Mirano appear here and as equilibrists do some astonishing feats, while the Hassan Ben Ali tribe of Whirlwind Berber Acrobats seem to top anything ever seen on smaller stages. The troupe is a large one. In Spain a bullfight is witnessed. The actual fight is not seen, but an Andalusian bull passes over the stage with every intentness, apparently, on business. The Ballet of the Butterflies is the most striking feature of the sort in the spectacle. The fire in the forest is realistic in appearance. The Magic Waterfall precedes the final tableau, The Golden Barge. The spar of the vessel, fifty feet or more in length, gradually rises through the placid surface of the water, and then the great barge filled with its shapely burden of feminine attractiveness appears. This illusion, although not new to the audiences at the Hippodrome, remains a marvel to the multitude.

Too Late for Review

Important productions, made too late for review in this issue, are, "Disraeli," a play by Louis N. Parker, presented most successfully at Wallack's, Sept. 18, with George Arliss in the title rôle, and "The Kiss Waltz," Viennese operetta by Messrs. Ziehrer, Woodward and Edgar Smith, which was received with favor at the Casino on September 19. Other late novelties are: "The Rack," seen at the Playhouse; "The Arab," a play by Edgar Selwyn, produced at the Lyceum; "What the Doctor Ordered," comedy by A. E. Thomas, presented at the Astor on September 20, and "When Sweet Sixteen," by George V. Hobart and Victor Herbert, seen at Daly's. All these pieces will be discussed critically in our next issue.

Kitty Cheatham has returned from Europe and will be seen again in her recitals.

Mary Mannering-Wadsworth, who married a Detroit millionaire recently, will return to the stage this season. She will be seen in the part of Dominie Enfielden in "The Garden of Allah."

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Current Plays in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (September 20th): "A Gentleman of Leisure," at the Globe; "A Man of Honor," at Weber's; "Around the World," at the Hippodrome; "As a Man Thinks," at the Thirty-ninth Street; "A Single Man," at the Empire; "Disraeli," at Wallack's; "Everywoman," at the Lyric; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Folies Bergere; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "Maggie Pepper," at the Harris; "Miss Jack," at the Herald Square; "Modern Marriage," at the Bijou; "Passers-By," at the Criterion; "Snobs," at the Hudson; "Speed," at the Comedy; "The Arab," at the Lyceum; "The Blue Bird," at the Century; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Fascinating Widow," at the Liberty; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The Kiss Waltz," at the Casino; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Rack," at the Playhouse; "The Real Thing," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Siren," at the Knickerbocker; "The Woman," at the Republic; "What the Doctor Ordered," at the Astor; "When Sweet Sixteen," at Daly's, and the Winter Garden.

Columbia Records

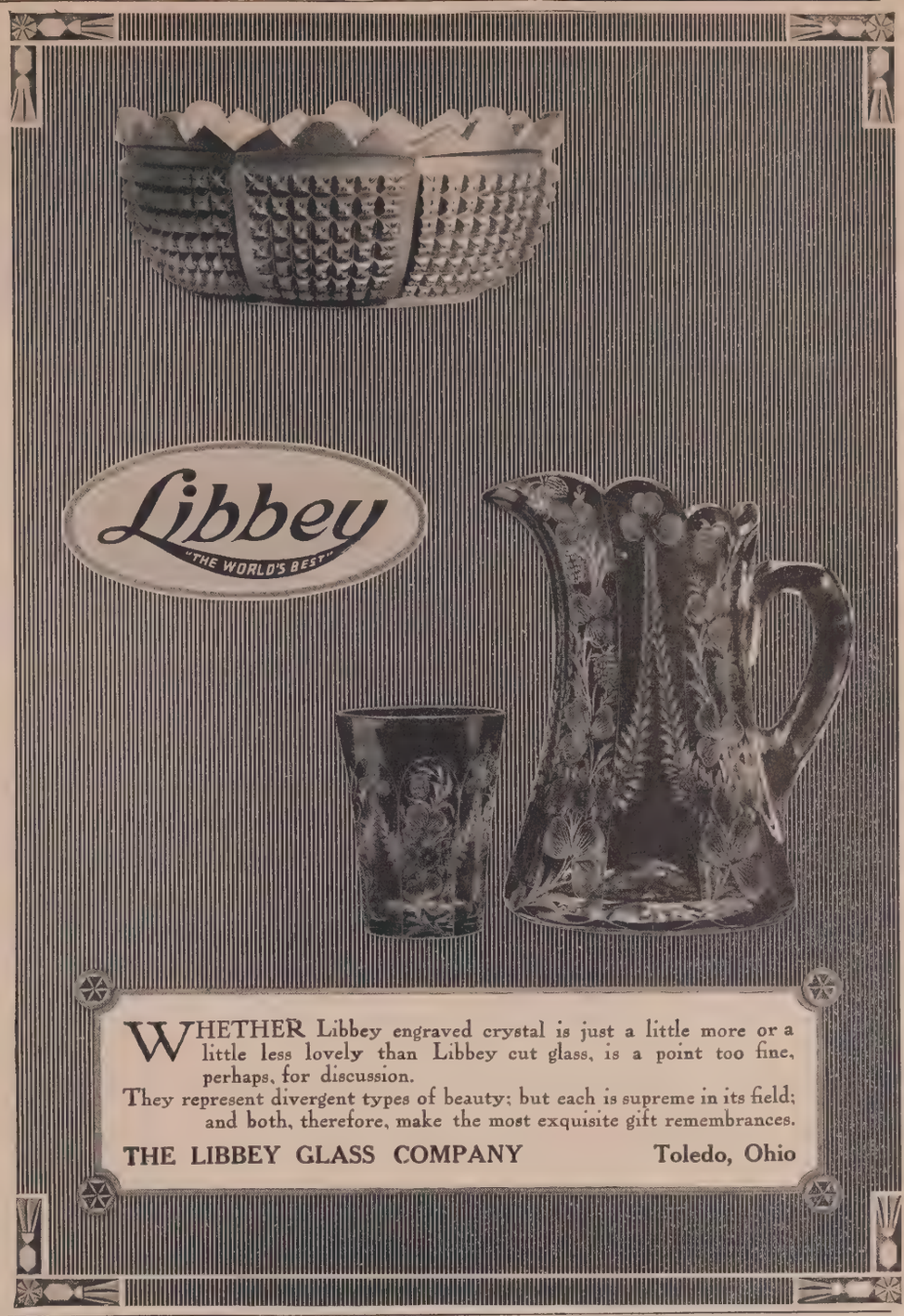
The position to which Cecil Fanning, the distinguished young American baritone, has attained during the past few years is one that places him in the very front rank of contemporary recital artists, and his success should prove an inspiration to all other earnest workers for the advancement of vocal art in America. In every respect, Fanning is undoubtedly one of the most generously and uniquely gifted singers now before the public, as representative concert and recital audiences in every part of the country have long since discovered. His voice—a rich, vibrant baritone that thrills the listener with its abounding virility and inherent musical beauty—would alone entitle him to be included in a list of perhaps half a dozen singers who dominate the American concert stage to-day. When, however, with his voice are considered the many other high qualities of temperament and educational fitness which combine to make him the finished and impeccable artist that he is, we are forced to realize how much of the charm of his interpretation is due to personal endowments that transcend the demands of merely perfect technique and pure vocalism. With Fanning the literary sense of the poem he is interpreting is paramount, the turn of every phrase conveys its due significance, every word is given its correct emotional and intonational meaning. He makes a tone picture of everything he essays.

To Build Smallest Theatre

Winthrop Ames, lately director of the New Theatre, is planning to erect the smallest playhouse in the world. Its capacity, says the *Dramatic Mirror*, will be less than 300 people, and it will be constructed with the view of producing plays of the modern, intimate type. It will foster the most delicate form of dramatic art. The site for the proposed theatre will probably be in West Forty-sixth Street, just off Broadway, and not more than a block away from the new New Theatre. Mr. Ames will sail soon for Europe, and will devote much of his time in studying the small playhouses on the continent and in getting plays for the new theatre. Before leaving, Mr. Ames will carry out his plan of taking two of the successful plays of the New Theatre on tour. This will include putting out one company in "The Piper," in which Edith Wynne Matthison will be starred, and another company in Besier's "Don." It is possible that a second company of "The Piper" will be formed, with a man in the title rôle.

Alviene School of Stage Arts

In celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of the Alviene School of Stage Arts at the Grand Opera House, 23d Street and Eighth Avenue, Claude M. Alviene, the president of that institution, has signed a ten-year lease, adding 15,000 square feet of floor space to their already spacious school quarters. This additional space will give thirty-one windows on 23d Street and eighteen windows on Eighth Avenue. The school will occupy the first, second and third floors of the Grand Opera House. There will be three large auditoriums, each with a seating capacity of 1,000, each being used for exclusive studies, rehearsals and public student performances. In addition there will be fifteen studios, a reception office, three private offices and a large office for the office staff; while the faculty will be increased to twenty in number, with an office staff of eight clerks.



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THE IRISH PLAYERS

The Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who have already opened their season in Boston, will divide their entertainments into what they call first, second, third, and fourth programmes. The first will consist of "A Few Words by Mr. Yeats," the "Shadow of the Glen," a comedy in one act by J. M. Synge, followed by "Birthright;" a tragedy in two acts by T. C. Murray, and concluding with "Hyacinth Halvey," a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory. The second programme will have "The Well of the Saints," a play in three acts by J. M. Synge, and "Spreading the News," a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory. The third will offer "Kathleen ni Houlihan," a tragedy in one act by W. B. Yeats, and "The Playboy of the Western World," by J. M. Synge. The fourth programme will produce "The Eloquent Dempsey," a comedy in three acts by William Boyle, and "Riders to the Sea," a one-act tragedy by J. M. Synge.

The Irish Literary Theatre was founded in 1898, to find "something better than the ordinary play of commerce." Its avowed attempt was to do in Dublin something of what had been done in London by the Independent Theatre, and in Paris by M. Antoine's Theatre Libre. The directors claim that they "have already created a taste for sincere and original drama, and for sincere, quiet, simple acting."

In the beginning English actors were employed, and at the first production, Mr. Yeats' "Countess Cathleen," Miss May Whitty, Miss Florence Farr, and Trevor Lowe were in the cast, with Miss Farr as general manager and Ben Webster as stage manager. In 1901 performances were given by W. G. Fay's little company of Irish amateurs, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company, and then the Irish National Theatre Society. It was this company which took to the St. George's Hall, London, in May, 1903, "The Hour-Glass," and "Kathleen ni Houlahan" of Mr. Yeats, and Lady Gregory's "Twenty-five." The refreshing quality of their simple and sincere art was hailed by English critics as a revelation of what might be done in the theatre with a limited expenditure by a company intent upon doing good work. Miss Horniman acquired the lease of the Abbey Theatre, rebuilt it, and gave the Irish National Theatre Society its free use. From 1904 to 1910 Miss Horniman, in addition, gave the society a small annual subsidy.

Varied as have been the plays added to its repertory, from the time when George Moore and George Russell were writing for it to the day when it was enabled to step in and save Mr. Shaw from the Censor, one of the first concerns of the Irish National Theatre has been with the creation of a folk-drama. These plays are such as spin themselves out of everyday contact of ordinary folk; it is a considering of the folk in relation to the hayfork which, maybe, gets them together and sets them talking, letting the imagination play softly upon them—just as does a child's—that makes the drama, and not at all a devising of situations and of conflicts. In the late J. M. Synge the Abbey Theatre produced a dramatist of the very highest achievement and significance. It is to his work that one goes for that wonderful blending of poetry and realism which is the Irish Theatre's peculiar achievement. The extraordinary fascination of the mingled beauty and ugliness of "The Playboy of the Western World" is intensified by the excellence of its stagecraft. George Moore has called this play the most significant of the last two hundred years.

"Riders to the Sea" is as simply moving a little tragedy as any in existence, and in translation it has already passed into the European repertory. "In the Shadow of the Glen" and "The Well of the Saints" are full of the bittersweet beauty that Synge found in life, and have all his characteristic perfection of form and richness of language—"every word as fully flavored as a nut or apple." The commercial theatre could have—indeed, did have—no use for J. M. Synge. Yet, in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre, he is steadily finding his way to popularity.

Books Received

At the New Theatre and Others: The American Stage and Its Problems and Performances. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Price $1.50 net. New York: Small, Maynard & Company.

The Repertory Theatre: A Record and a Criticism. By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell, Kennerley Co.

The Antigone of Sophocles. Drama translated by Joseph Edward Harry. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company.

Great Love Stories of the Theatre: A Record of Theatrical Romance. By Charles W. Collins. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Company.

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Very sincerely yours,

Lulu Glaser

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

Photo Felix

MLLE. MORVAN
A graceful evening wrap of rose colored liberty

Advanced Characteristics of the New Fashions

THE dominating characteristic of the new fashions is the distinct artistic advance. The day of eccentric and fantastic styles is over for the time being. The new models in gowns, hats and wraps are such as will appeal to the most refined and highly developed artistic taste.

Lines have not changed to any appreciable degree. The straight line is still the dominating feature of costumes, tailored suits and wraps of all descriptions. The narrow skirt we have still with us. While the high waistline is featured to a considerable extent in costumes, there are a few models which indicate a return to more normal figure lines. The woman of perfect figure will revel in these, but, alas, how few of us there are who can justly lay claim to perfect figures?

The straight line has been a difficult lesson for the majority of dressmakers and tailors to learn. It has taken them fully a year to acquire it, and now that they have actually begun to produce it in an acceptable and refined way it would, indeed, be a mistake of judgment to endeavor to foist a radical change of style.

The continued vogue of the narrow skirt and short jacket makes for the use of far finer quality of materials and trimmings than is the case when wide skirts and long jackets prevail. Garments will be no whit less expensive this season, because less material is required in their construction, for the makers are using so much better cloths and silks, not to mention the exquisite trimmings and laces which go to the adornment of the more elaborate costumes and wraps.

Women have found the street dress so acceptable during the last six months that it is certain to be a general favorite until cold weather puts in an appearance. At Franklin Simon's they are showing some charming and inexpensive street dresses for early fall made of black and dark blue crêpe meteore. There are dainty touches of trimming on the bodices, big, soft revers, faced with satin, of a contrasting color, or the soft, full drapery ornamented with wide braid, and all this for about thirty-five dollars a dress.

Then for the later season are tailored velveteen dresses, some quite without ornamentation, others with bands of wide braid, and still others with delicate traceries of soutache embroidery. Velvet is not only a most becoming fabric, but it sets off to advantage the big fur scarfs and muffs, which are certain to be the accompaniment of these smart street dresses. Indeed, Gunther is making some stunning neck-pieces, that are specially designed for wear with tailored street dresses of either velvet or cloth. One that I particularly admired was cut square in the back, where it was ornamented with animal heads. It covered the shoulders in the back, and came a trifle below the waistline in front, where it was finished with tails, so that, with the big soft muff to match, one could be sufficiently warm in any but blizzard weather. For driving, and for walking on intensely cold days, he shows long, straight-line coats of the various fashionable furs, coats that are so skillfully made that they are actually as light in weight as a cloth coat, and which, it goes without saying, are far warmer.

Photo Felix

MLLE. HEMLER

Strikingly original gown of pink satin with a tunic of black mousseline de soie. The novel trimming consists of festoons of jet and coral beads

As I walked through the showrooms of *L'Art de la Mode*, I could not but pay mental compliments to M. Marix for the extremely clever way he has adapted the materials to be found in the shops throughout this country to the new models of the leading Paris dressmakers. There were the fashionable R. & T. silks, Courtauld silk crêpes, both figured and plain, the Butterfly marquisettes, Worumbo double-faced fabrics and ratines, dependable Arlington serges and striped worsteds, and exquisite silks from the Vantine collection.

Especially noteworthy was a dainty little evening frock, most suitable for bridesmaids, made of the new R. & T. cloth of gold, over which was draped a two-tone marquisette of the same make. This marquisette showed tender pink and gold lights, through which shimmered the cloth of gold foundation. It was ornamented on both skirt and bodice, with tiny ruffles of fine lace, and festoons of pink embroidered roses.

Then there was a carriage and evening wrap made of a combination of R. & T. gold and black brocade with black satin. The skirt portion of the wrap was of the satin, with the upper portion and sleeves cut in one of the black brocade with gold figures.

A smart little afternoon gown was of peach yellow Courtauld silk crêpe, combined with golden brown velvet. It was the sort of gown that might be made to do duty for luncheons, bridge parties, and occasionally for an evening at the theatre. The Courtauld crêpes are equally fashionable when used alone or as the tunic draperies for satin or lustrous silk foundations. Silk crêpe is to be one of the much-wanted fabrics for the social season, and the Courtauld crêpes can always be depended upon both from the fashion and the quality standpoint.

A lovely dinner gown was of Vantine crêpe cachemire in an exquisite mauve shade. Even more elegant was one made of embroidered crêpe, the genuine hand-embroidered crêpe, which they keep in stock in the natural color, so that the woman who

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MME. LAPARCERIE

Lovely evening gown of pink mousseline de soie, embroidered with pale gold paillettes

wants to have a gown of some special shade can have it dyed to match any sample in a few days.

I think I have already spoken of the new Japanese brocades that Vantine is showing. Well, M. Marix took one of these in superb Oriental colorings and made it after a Worth model into a most sumptuous opera wrap.

And what are the hats we are to wear with all these stunning new suits and costumes? On that point, who can speak with more authority than Joseph? I made a special visit to his elegant establishment for the purpose of finding out, and was there shown a wonderful collection of hats from the best Paris milliners, as well as stunning styles from his own workrooms. There are more small hats in the collection than large ones. To me the leading characteristic of the new hats is the small amount of trimming that is being used; but, oh! it is put on with such exquisite taste, and at just the right point, to make it becoming. One moderate-sized, roll-brimmed, black velvet hat is a shape that is certain to be a great favorite, yet the only trimming was a jaunty little black and white aigrette.

Another smart hat was a perky little helmet. Certainly, the helmet is not a new shape, but it is so becoming, and stands the high winds of winter so well, that no wardrobe will be complete this winter without at least one helmet shape; and this particular one was trimmed with two lovely curved mercury wings, put on at just the right angle to make the face underneath look all the more piquant.

I happened into one of the small shops just off the avenue at an opportune moment the other day, for they were just completing several theatrical orders, hats for the new plays, among them several for Billie Burke in "The Runaways." They make not only smart hats for young women, but equally charming ones for elderly ladies. In this day and generation the making of hats for elderly ladies has become almost a lost art, and for the reason that this milliner can turn out such lovely examples her talent deserves wide recognition.

One she showed me was fitting headgear for a dowager duchess. It was made of rows of soft black braid into a big bonnet that set down well over the head, from beneath which would peep a rim of hair. There was a soft grey and black aigrette set low at one side, and around the brim was draped a beautiful black Chantilly lace veil, which could be lifted in front and fall down over the shoulders so as to give soft and becoming shadows to the face. I thought how truly regal a stately dame would look in this bonnet, or how it would turn the small one into the fairy godmother type of femininity.

We are prone to-day to neglect elderly ladies when talking of fashions. Yet the styles this season may by skill be rendered particularly suitable to them. The graceful draperies of long tunic skirts, when wrought of Priestley's wonderful black silk warp Henrietta, are well suited to them. Plain, simple lines in black velvet, or the fine qualities of velutina, will make a gown suitable for the most formal occasions, particularly when the bodice is ornamented with a fichu of time-yellowed lace. The lustrous black brocaded crêpes make equally elegant and stately robes for the elderly woman.

The elderly woman to-day is the woman who is nearing the age of threescore years and ten. Time was when we considered the woman of fifty as elderly. To-day the majority of women retain their vitality and youthful appearance in a most marvelous manner, so that the fashions that are suitable for the woman of forty are quite appropriate for those who are ten or fifteen years older.

Suitable for women of all ages is the new Dollar Princess poplin. It makes up admirably into simple dresses or more elab-

Photo Felix

MLLE. METHIVIER

A charming evening gown of pale rose silk, veiled with mousseline de soie. The dainty rose design is embroidered in natural colors

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No. 800. *A charming evening wrap by Beer. The model is developed in Rogers-Thompson-Givernaud Co. silvery green moiré, lined with white satin. The shoulder cape, cut in one with the panel in the back, is edged with a moiré ruche, shirred on a thick cord. The edges of the ruches are ravelled. An Empire effect is given to the back by the large bow, the loops of which are drawn through slashes in the Venise lace panel. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of wrap, in size 36 bust,* $2.50

orate gowns. Its draping qualities are particularly admirable, and it has a lustrous sheen that is often lacking in far higher priced fabrics. Then, too, it comes in such a lovely line of colors that the woman who cannot find just the shade she wants in Dollar Princess Poplin must, indeed, be hard to please. One woman I know has already had two luncheon frocks made of it. They are to be worn over small figured net guimpes, of a quality that can be easily washed. These guimpes only show a trifle at the neck, a bit of heavy lace being attached to the frock, so that the net is partially concealed, but the guimpe underneath helps to protect the lace.

Both frocks are made in the button front style. One, of a rich plum, is ornamented on bodice and skirt with big crochet buttons of the same shade. It has a wide, flopping, one-sided rever that reaches from shoulder to waistline, which is slightly high. You see, it is quite a simple frock, but of such an exquisite cut that it shows to advantage, and in the most artistic way, the figure outline. The other gown is of a soft beige color trimmed with the new narrow silk fringe of the same shade. And, by the way, there is a new artificial silk fringe that is being much used on hats this

No. 803. *A beautiful evening wrap of lavender hand-embroidered Vantine Canton crêpe, lined with royal purple satin. The middle front and back sections are of heavy ivory lace over old silver lace, outlined with bands of ermine. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of wrap,* $2.50

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Exclusive in every detail of manufacture—a degree of perfection which leaves nothing to be added or desired.

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Women's Sizes 34 to 42 bust — **Misses' Sizes 14 to 20 years**

No. 2—Dress of satin crepe meteor, in Copenhagen or navy blue, purple or black, deep pointed collar of material edged with silk fringe, waist finished with shirred band of material in Empire effect, sleeves and bottom of skirt trimmed with shirred bands to match, edged with silk fringe, . **34.50**

No. 4—Handsome dress of silk chiffon, in American Beauty, pink, white, Nile green or light blue, made over white China silk, surplice waist of chiffon over white Chantilly lace in shadow effect, finished with handsome large satin rose, draped tunic skirt, hemstitched and finished with silk fringe to match, ... **29.50**

No. 6—Dress of fine quality English serge, in navy blue, brown, white or black (open front model) waist silk lined, sailor collar and jabot of Venice lace, front of dress and sleeves trimmed with silk braid passementerie, . **29.50**

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L'ART DE LA MODE
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season. It looks as though it was silk which had been raveled out, and really makes a most attractive trimming, and one which, in some cases, would be entirely suitable for gowns.

The big comfortable coats of the new rough-surfaced and double-faced materials are so warm and light in weight that it seems to me most women will be wearing dainty little silk gowns under them this winter. The woman of moderate means will certainly find a long fur or cloth coat a good investment, provided she exercises judgment in its selection. Fur, while more costly, is suitable for a greater variety of occasions than cloth. With a long fur coat and a cloth tailored suit the average woman should be well provided with outer garments. Then she can use the rest of her dress allowance for afternoon and evening gowns.

The tailored suit of rough cloth and velvet promises to be as much wanted as ever. The cloth tailored suit we shall have always with us; it is the garment which the American woman has made particularly her own. She has the natty, well-groomed air in it that is wonderfully attractive to the mass of mankind. But, alas, when she is not well groomed, even the most expensive of tailored suits will not transform her into a well-dressed woman.

What a farce it is—this talk of a revival of the crinoline. Of course, it was the Paris dressmaker who has been responsible for several of the eccentric fashions of the past year, who has heralded the revival of the hoop skirt. The one thing that one must admire about that dressmaker is his thorough knowledge of the means of obtaining free publicity. Even a Barnum could not surpass him, and the joke of it all is that he is only taken seriously by the American press and a handful of American buyers. French, English, Italians, Austrians and Germans find his styles a source of great amusement, and his selling plans such as they will by no means comply with. One more season, and even the American buyers will see through his little game.

HARRIET E. FAYÈS.

No. 519. *A striking model by Martial et Armand. The skirt of rose pink satin is veiled with gold net and surrounded at the hem with flat pink roses. The front panel of Venise lace is weighted with jet fringe. The tunic of black satin clings closely to the figure and is edged with jet fringe. It is drawn to one side in the back, where it is caught by a chou of satin. Beneath this the scarf which forms the narrow train is attached. The deep V of the bodice is outlined with fringe and is partly filled in with pink satin, veiled with gold net and applied points of Venise lace. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of gown, in size 36 bust,* $3.50

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

During the summer so many women have allowed the sun and wind to play havoc with their complexions that I am sure they will be glad to learn of reliable remedies therefor. A friend, who has long made use of it, has been singing the praises of a bleaching lotion that, while it whitens the face, neck and hands, at the same time removes tan and freckles. To obtain the quickest results, this lotion should be used in conjunction with a freckle cream, directions for the application of which come with every package. Only the best ingredients are used in these splendid remedies, which are compounded under the personal supervision of a reputable chemist, and

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OUR Fall catalogue, "*Fashions in Feathers*," shows the latest Paris and London styles in ostrich plumes. It contains attractive pictures of French and willow plumes, pompons, prime *uncurled* plumes and many novelties in ostrich feathers. Articles in our catalogue range in price from $2.00 to $50.00. By buying London Plumes you get the greatest value for your money.

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The feeling it gives your skin the first time you use it is a promise of what its steady use will do.

Rub its lather in

One function of the skin is to *absorb.*

To revive, to freshen up a neglected, lifeless skin, rub in the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's contains properties which are helpful to the skin, which resupply what has been exhausted from the skin by modern conditions.

Rub its lather in gently but persistently for several minutes.
Rinse in cold water, then rub a piece of ice over your face and throat.
This treatment will result in active, glowing skin.

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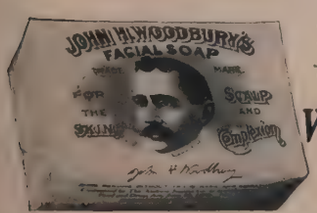
For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. F, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Price 50c. a bottle; sold everywhere or mailed postpaid by us. Insist upon Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Accept no substitutes. **A trial bottle sent free upon request.**

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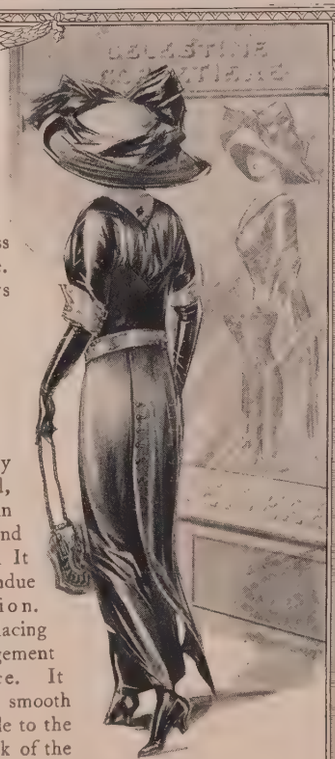
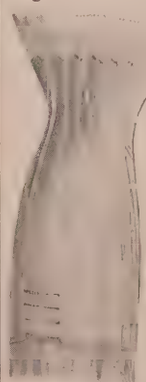
The Passing Glance

in the shop window is eminently satisfying to the woman whose dress and figure reflect the modern mode. And this sustaining glimpse is always yours if you wear a

CROSBY FLEXI-WALO CORSET
LACES AND CLASPS IN FRONT



This model has been carefully designed to give a long-waisted, slim effect, cut moderately low in the bust, deep on the hips, and slightly boned under the arms. It gives a slender smartness without undue compression. The front lacing is the arrangement par excellence. It admits of the smooth flat back impossible to the bulging lattice-work of the old style lacing.



Aesthetic as well as healthful; modish and comfortable, the Crosby Corset is the delight of the woman of today whose toilet combines fashion with health and common-sense. The Crosby is supreme, too, in all details of workmanship and material. *We are agents in the U. S. for the original front lace corsets made by Margaine La Croix, of Paris.* At your dealer's, or write us for booklet.

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Model No. 11 Price, $8.00 and up.

which are being used by many of the most exacting of New York society women. It, therefore, gives me pleasure to recommend them to the fair readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

* * *

Many years ago an elderly French lady, with a wondrously soft and smooth skin, advised me to use chamois skin in preference to a powder puff, stating that as chamois could be washed, it was far more hygienic. Since then I have found that women who have once used chamois for this purpose will never use anything else. Chamois distributes the powder more evenly, and greatly lessens the liability of the powder showing upon the skin. There has lately been a special chamois manufactured for complexion purposes, which is highly admirable. It is such a soft, smooth, even-grained skin that it is a joy to feel it upon the face. Most chamois skins are sold in bulk, and in the toilet goods sections come in contact with all sorts of foreign substances, which may be more or less deleterious to the skin. But this special chamois has been scientifically treated, so that anything harmful in the natural chamois skin has been removed, and the surfaces have been so sheared that they will not gather up foreign matter. Added to all which excellent qualities the skin is sold in a transparent sealed envelope, so that the purchaser receives it in the perfect hygienic condition in which it left the factory, and the price, twenty-five cents, is so reasonable that it is within the reach of everyone who has the good of her complexion at heart.

* * *

A going-away present that should be a joy to the traveller by motor, railroad or steamer, is a one dollar beauty package. It contains all the necessary preparations for a week or more, and includes a jar of soothing, nourishing and antiseptic cold cream,

No. 507. *A dinner gown by Doucet, developed in Vantine violet blue cachemire crêpe. The tunic in the front and the panel falling from the shoulders in the back are of tucked black tulle, edged with net bands embroidered in blue and silver bugles. The deep draped girdle is of violet velvet. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of gown, in size 36 bust,* $3.50

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THE ONLY perfect preparation for cleansing and polishing Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes of ALL kinds and colors

THEY BEAUTIFY AND PRESERVE THE LEATHER

Do not soil the clothing or grow sticky

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For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, the only black dressing that positively contains OIL. Softens and preserves. Imparts a beautiful lustre. Largest quantity, finest quality. Its use saves time, labor and brushes, as it SHINES WITHOUT BRUSHING. Always ready to use. Price 25 cents.

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For cleansing and recoloring all kinds and colors of suede and ooze leather footwear, also buck and castor. Put up in all colors. Also in powder form (all colors). No waiting for shoes to dry. No matting down of the nap. In sifting top cans.

We recommend for BLACK suede shoes the liquid; for ALL other colors the powders. Either kind 25c.

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A cleansing fluid and paste for polishing in each package. Large size 25 Cents.

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Also Polishes for Red, Brown, Green and Blue leather shoes. *Same sizes and prices.*

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The only first-class article for "Box Calf," Kid, "Vici Kid," and all black shoes. The ONLY polish endorsed by the manufacturers of "Box Calf" Leather. Contains oil and positively nourishes and preserves leather and makes it wear longer. Blacks and polishes. Price 25 Cents.

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If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us his address and price in stamps for a full size package

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These men are equally well dressed—equally refined in appearance. The difference is that one has a bulging bosom shirt, and the other wears the DONCHESTER, the Cluett Dress Shirt that will not bulge.

$2 to $3

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THIS is a new Dress Silk Fabric of unusual lustre and beauty. It is a yard wide and retails for one dollar the yard. It is made in eighty shades and is suitable for day or evening wear. Its intrinsic value and general usefulness makes "DOLLAR PRINCESS" a fabric of most unusual desirability. We believe it is the best value ever sold over a retail silk counter for the price.

Ask your retailer and look for the name
"R & T DOLLAR PRINCESS"
on the selvage. Write us for sample.

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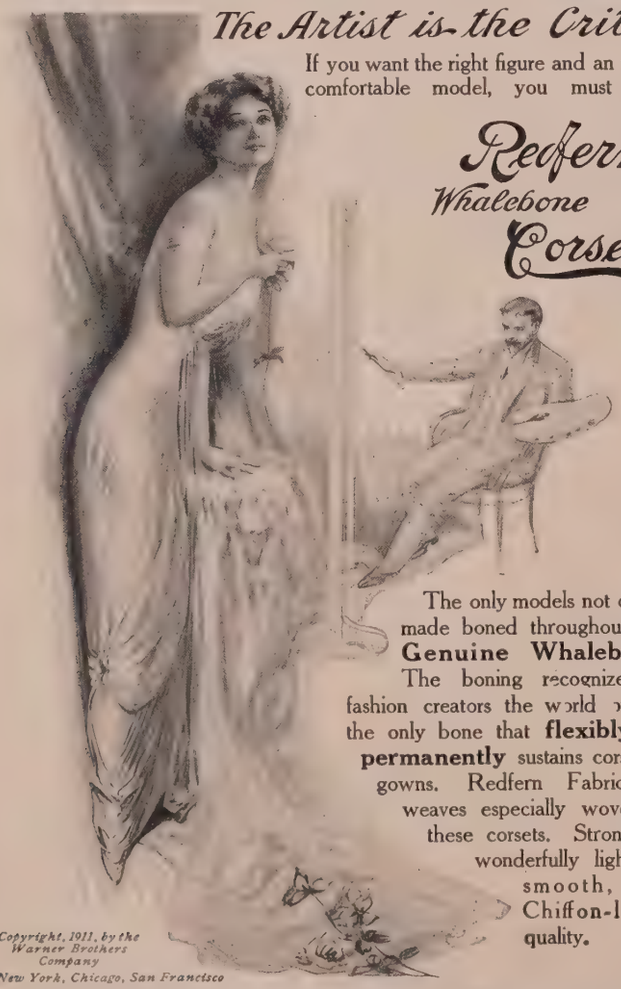
"Genuine R&T Silks"
are made in every variety of Silk demanded by fashion, and our brand on the selvage or wrapper of **any** Silk is your positive guarantee that you are getting the very best in point of **style** and **value** that your money can buy.

GENUINE R&T SILKS

The Artist is the Critic

If you want the right figure and an ideally comfortable model, you must wear

Redfern Whalebone Corsets



The only models not custom made boned throughout with **Genuine Whalebones.** The boning recognized by fashion creators the world over as the only bone that **flexibly** and **permanently** sustains corsets or gowns. Redfern Fabrics are weaves especially woven for these corsets. Strong, but wonderfully light and smooth, almost Chiffon-like in quality.

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Redfern Models are fitted at all leading shops. A Redfern costs from $15.00 down to $3.50 per pair, excelling custom made that cost from $15 to $35 per pair

a box of toilet powder, a box of skin food, which is an excellent tissue builder, and a box of bath powder for perfuming and softening the water. This package can be readily tucked away in the handbag, where it will take up little room, and add scarcely any to the weight of the bag. It seems to me a much more acceptable present than the cumbersome ones of fruit and flowers with which so many travellers are deluged.

* * *

A dainty gift for the fair motorist or traveller is a French novelty that has just been imported. It is a little pocket atomizer that sprays the perfume to perfection, yet so small that it can easily be carried in the shopping bag, and is therefore ready for instantaneous use. The price of this charming novelty is two dollars.

* * *

A friend, just returned from Paris, has been telling me of the marvelous complexion of a woman of fifty. "She lives in Egypt the year around, except for two months in France during the summer. You would think that her face would be all shrivelled and wrinkled with that climate. Not a bit of it; her skin is as smooth as a baby's, and she lays it all to the face treatments she takes every year while she is in Paris. It is the method, the way the creams and lotions are applied, that works the miracles. Hers is not the only case I know of where women of fifty might readily pass for fifteen or more years younger, and they all owe it to this wonderful treatment." It will be interesting to a great number of women to know that there is a branch of this Paris establishment in New York, and that it is under the direction of a woman who thoroughly understands the need of special treatments for different complexions.

No. 502. *A lovely evening gown by Paquin, developed in white chiffon over white satin. A fold of vapeur gray chiffon surrounds the chiffon skirt below a band of gold lace. The one-sided train of Vantine white and gold brocade is lined with gray chiffon. The graduated band which outlines the train is of white satin, veiled with gray chiffon. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern in size 36 bust, $3.50.*

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

A. M. D., New Rochelle.—Q.—What players besides Louis James appeared in the production of "The Soudan" at the Academy of Music about 1891 or 1892? A.—Herewith is the cast of "The Soudan" as presented at the Academy of Music on September 3, 1891: Captain Temple, Louis James; Matthew Hawker, S. E. Springer; Paul de Vigne, Frank Losee; Stephen Mardyke, Stanislaus Stange; Rev. Arthur Lulworth, Lawrence Eddinger; Horatio Spofkins, Dan Collyer; Joe Lambkins, Harry Hawk; Father Donini, Russell Hunting; Nellie Temple, Emma Vaders; Cora Gray, Eleanor Moretti; Maggie Wilkins, Kate Oesterle; Mrs. Lambkins, Mrs. W. G. Jones; Mrs. Lulworth, Jeannie Harold; Mrs. Buton, Marie Bellville; Frank, Master Jack Ferris; Dick, Master Wallie Eddinger.

L. H. R., Lenox, Mass.—Q.—In what numbers of your magazine have you published pictures of the Russian dancers? A.—In July and September, 1911; April, May and December, 1910; July, September and November, 1909.

A Yearly Subscriber—"The Dollar Princess" completed its run at the Knickerbocker last spring.

Blanche—Zelda Sears was recently seen in "The Nest Egg."

C. A., Fond du Lac.—Q.—Can you tell me if "The Spoilers" has been staged, and was it taken from the book of that name? A.—Yes, "The Spoilers," dramatized from Rex Beach's novel of that name by Rex Beach and James MacArthur, was produced at the New York Theatre, New York, on March 11, 1907.

Miss J. K., Washington.—Q.—Has Julia Dean recovered from her recent illness, and in what will she be seen next season? A.—Miss Dean is enjoying the best of health, and after her summer vacation will resume her rôle in "The Lily."

"Interested."—Q.—Can you give a sketch of Charles Balsar's life? A.—Charles Balsar, although young, has seen much service, both in stock companies and with prominent stars. He played Romeo during a tour of fifty weeks, and after a season with Mrs. Fiske acted Paul Sylvaine in the special production of "Leah Kleschna," then in August Thomas' drama, "The Witching Hour."

E. L. A., Phila.—Q.—What is the average number of type-written pages for a modern three-act drama? A.—One act of a drama of usual length consists of from 30 to 40 typewritten pages.

Sam T., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Where can I get pictures of David Warfield in "The Music Master," Olga Nethersole in "The Writing on the Wall," and Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady?" A.—We have reproduced the pictures you mention; the issues containing them may be purchased at our offices. Scenes in "The Music Master" appeared in November, 1904, also a colored cover of Mr. Warfield in the title rôle in May, 1905. "The Writing on the Wall" in June, 1909, and "The Chorus Lady" in October, 1906.

B. A. C., Butte, Mont.—Q.—Did Sam Bernard ever appear in "The Prince of Pilsen?" A.—Not to our knowledge.

L. E., Bryn Mawr, Pa.—Q.—Can you tell me in what play Douglas Fairbanks is appearing? A.—In "A Gentleman of Leisure," at the Globe Theatre, New York. Q.—In what is Donald Brian appearing? A.—In "The Siren," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

F. E. H., Los Angeles.—Q.—Can you give me an outline of Billie Burke's career? A.—She is a daughter of William E. and Blanche Burke, and was born in Washington, D. C. Educated in France, it was in the European music halls that she first made her stage appearance. She met with great success and shortly afterward was engaged to support Edna May in "The School Girl." Later she appeared in "The Duchess of Dantzic," then in "The Blue Moon," and next played the title rôle in "The Belle of Mayfair." In 1907 she appeared with Charles Hawtrey in "Mr. George," and then in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." She came to this country later the same year, and made her début at the Empire as John Drew's leading lady in "My Wife." She was next seen in "Love Watches," then in "Mrs. Dot," and she will soon open in "The Runaways."

L. V., Buffalo.—New musical comedies are nearly always in rehearsal, but more especially so in the months of August and September. You might apply to theatrical agencies, or direct to the managers of such companies, for the position you seek.

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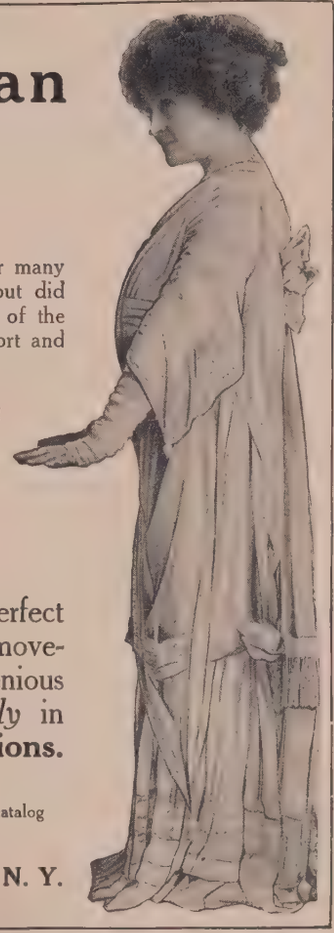

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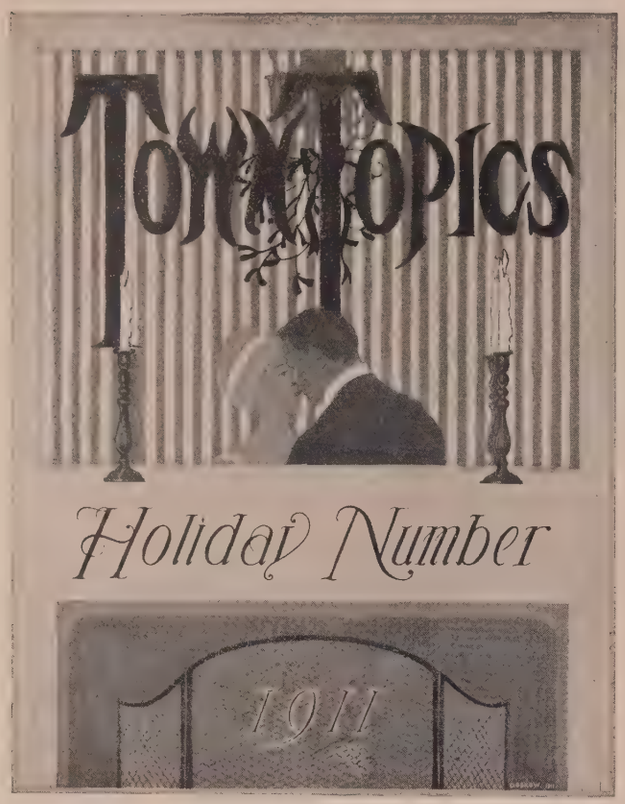

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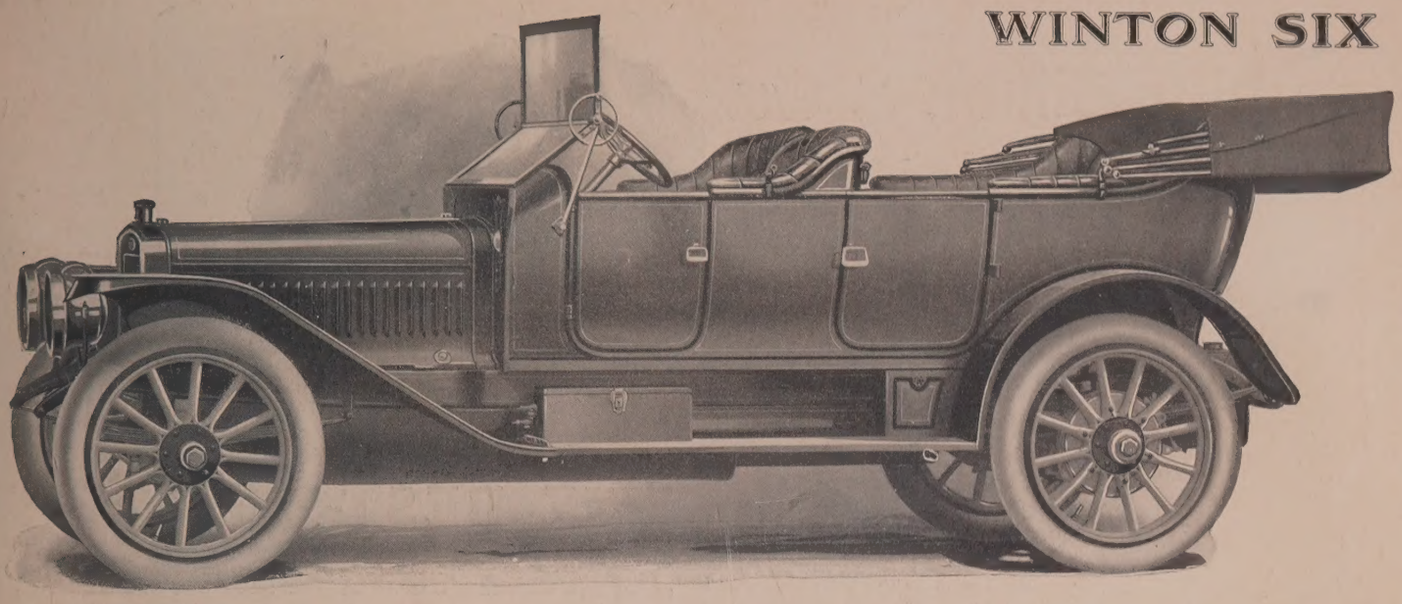

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